



# The troublesome

*raigne and lamentable death of*

Edward the second, King of.

*England: with the tragicall  
fall of proud Mortimer.*

And also the life and death of *Piers Gaueston,*  
the great Earle of Cornewall, and mighty  
fauorite of King Edward the second, as it  
*was publicquely acted by the right honorable  
the Earle of Pembroke his  
seruants.*

*Written by Christopher Marlow Gent.*



*E. w.  
Domine*

*Goniston  
Quidest*

Printed at London for Roger Barnes, and are to  
be sould at his shop in Chauncerie Lane ouer  
against the Rolles. 1612.



Enter Gauestone reading on a letter that was  
brought him from the king.



Y father is deceast, come Gaueston, (freind.  
And share the kingdome with thy deereft  
Ah words that make me surfet with delight,  
What greater blisse can hap to Gaueston,  
Then liue and be the fauorite of a King?

Sweete prince I come : These these, thy amorous lines  
Might haue enforst me to haue swum from France,  
And like *Leander* gaspt vpon the sande,  
So thou wouldst smile and take me in thine armes.  
The sight of London to my exiled eies,  
Is as Elizium to a newe come soule,  
Not that I loue the Citie or the men,  
But that it harbours him I hold so deere,  
The king, vpon whose bosome let me die,  
And with the world be still at enmitie :  
What neede the Articke people loue star-light,  
To whome the sunne shines both by day and night.  
Farewell base stooping to the Lordly Peeres,  
My knee shall bowe to none but to the King,  
As for the multitude that are but sparkes  
Rakt vp in embers, of their pouertie,  
*Tanti* : Ile fanne first on the winde,  
That glaunceth at my lips and flieth away :  
But how now, what are these ?

Enter three poore men.

*Poore men*. Such as desire your worships seruice.

*Gauest*. What canst thou doe ?

1. *Poore*. I can ride.

*Gauest*. But I haue no horse. What art thou ?

2. *Poore*. A Traueller.

*Gauest*. Let me see, thou wouldst doe well

To waite at my trencher, and tell me lies at dinner time,

And as I like your discourfing, ile haue you.  
And what art thou ?

3. *Poore*. A fouldier, that hath feru'd againft the Scot.

*Gau*. Why, there are hospitals for fuch as you,  
I haue no warre, and therefore Sir be gone.

*Sold*. Farewell, and perifh by a fouldiers hand,  
That would'ft reward them with an hospitall.

*Gau*. I, I, thefe words of his moue me as much  
As if a Goose fhould play the Porcupine  
And dart her plumes, thinking to pierce my breaft,  
But yet it is no paine to fpeake men faire,  
Ile flatter thefe, and make them liue in hope :  
You know that I came lately out of France,  
And yet I haue not viewd my Lord the King,  
If I fpeede well, ile entertaine you all.

*Omnes*. We thanke your worfhip.

*Gau*. I haue fome bufines, leaue me to my felfe.

*Omnes*. We will waite heere about the court. *Exeunt*.

*Gau*. Do : thefe are not men for me,  
I muft haue wanton Poets, Pleafant wits,  
Muficians, that with touching of a ftring  
May draw the pliant King which way I pleafe :  
Muficke and Poetry is his delight,  
Therefore ile haue Italian maskes by night,  
Sweete fpeeches, comedies, and pleafing fhoves,  
And in the day when he fhall walke abroad,  
Like *Siluan* Nymphes my pages fhall be clad,  
My men like Satyres grazing on the lawnes  
Shall with their Goate-feete daunce the Anticke hay,  
Sometime a louely boy in *Dians* fhape,  
With haire that gilds the water as it glides,  
Crownets of pearle about his naked armes,  
And in his fportfull hands an Oliue tree,  
To hide thofe parts which men delight to fee,  
Shall bathe him in a fpring, and there hard by,  
One like *Acteon* peeping through the groue,  
Shall by the angry goddeffe be transformde,  
And running in the likenesse of an Hart,  
By yelping hounds puld downe, and feeme to die,

Such



Such things as these best please his Maiesty,  
My Lord, here comes the King and the Nobles  
From the parliament, ile stand aside.

*Enter the King, Lancaster, Mortimer senior, Mortimer  
Junior, Edmond Earle of Kent, Guie Earle of Warwicke, &c.  
Edward, Lancaster.*

*Lancast.* My Lord.

*Gaucest.* That Earle of Lancaster do I abhorre.

*Edw.* Will you not graunt me this ? in spite of them  
He haue my will, and these two *Mortimers*  
That crosse me thus, shall know I am displeas'd.

*Mor. se.* If you loue vs my Lord, hate *Gaucestone*.

*Gaucest.* That villaine *Mortimer* ile be his death.

*Mor. in.* Mine vnkle heere, this Earle, and I my selfe  
Were sworne to your father at his death,  
That he should nere returne into the realme :  
And know my Lord, ere I will breake my oath,  
This sworde of mine that should offend your foes,  
Shall sleepe within the scaberd at thy neede,  
And vnderneath thy banners march who will,  
For *Mortimer* will hang his armor vp.

*Gaucest.* *Mort. dieu.*

*Edw.* Well *Mortimer*, ile make thee rue these words.

Beseemes it thee to contradict thy King ?

Frounst thou thereat aspiring *Lancaster*,

The sworde shall plaine the sorrowes of thy browes,

And hew these knees that now are growne so stiffe,

I will haue *Gauceston*, and you shall know,

What danger tis to stand against your King.

*Gaucest.* Well doone, *Ned.*

*Lan.* My Lord, why do you thus incense your Peeres,

That naturally would loue and honour you :

But for that base and obscure *Gauceston*,

Foure Earldomes haue I besides *Lancaster*,

*Darbie*, *Salisbury*, *Lincolne*, *Leicester*,

These will I sell to giue my souldiers paye,

Ere *Gauceston* shall stay within the realme,

Therefore if he be come, expell him straight,

Edm. Barons and Earles, your pride hath made me mute,  
But now Ile speake, and to the prooffe I hope :  
I do remember in my fathers dayes,  
Lord *Peircy* of the North being highly mou'd,  
Braue'd *Moubray* in presence of the king,  
For which had not his highnes lou'd him well,  
He should haue lost his head, but with his looke,  
The vndaunted spirit of *Peircie* was appea'd,  
And *Moubray* and he were reconcilde:  
Yet dare you braue the king vnto his face.  
Brother reuenge it, and let these their heads,  
Preach vpon poles for trespassse of their tongues.  
*Warwicke*. O our heads.

Edm. I yours, and therefore I would wish you graunt.

*Warw*. Bridle thy anger gentle *Mortimer*,

*Mor. iu.* I cannot, nor I will not, I must speake,  
Cofin, our hands I hope shall fence our heads,  
And strike off his that makes you threaten vs:  
Come vncle let vs leaue the brainsicke King,  
And he nceforth parlie with our naked swords.

*Mor. se.* *Wiltshire* hath men enough to saue our heads,

*Warw.* All *Warwickshire* will loue him for my sake.

*Lanc.* And Northward *Gaueston* hath many friends.

Adew my Lord, and either change your minde,  
Or looke to see the Throne where you should sit  
To floate in bloud, and at thy wanton head,  
The glosing head of thy base minion throne.

*Exeunt nobels.*

Edm. I cannot brooke these hautie menaces :

Am I a King and must be ouer rulde?

Brother display my ensignes in the fielde,  
Ile bandie with the Barons and the Earles,  
And either die or liue with *Gaueston*.

*Gauc.* I can no longer keepe me from my lord.

Edm. What *Gaueston*, welcome, kis not my hand,  
Embrace me *Gaueston* as I do thee :

Why shouldst thou kneele,

Knowest thou not who I am?

Thy freind, thy selfe, another *Gaueston*,

Not

of Edward the second.

Not *Hilas* was more mourned for, of *Hercules*,  
Then thou hast beene of me since thy exile.

*Gau.* And since I went from hence, no soule in hell  
Hath felt more torment then poore *Gaueston*.

*Edw.* I know it, brother welcome home my friend,  
Now let the treacherous *Mortimers* conspire,  
And that high minded Earle of *Lancaster*,  
I haue my wish, in that I ioy thy sight,  
And sooner shall the sea ouerwhelme my land,  
Then beare the ship that shall transport thee hence :  
I heere create thee Lord high Chamberlaine,  
Cheefe Secretary to the State and me ,  
Earle of *Cornewall*, king and lord of *Man*.

*Gauest.* My lord, these titles farre exceede my worth.

*Kent.* Brother the least of these may well suffice

For one of greater birth then *Gaueston*.

*Edw.* Cease brother, For I cannot brooke these words :

Thy worth sweet friend is farre aboue my gifts,

Therefore to equal it, receiue my heart,

If for these dignities thou be enuied,

Ile giue thee more, for but to honour thee,

Is *Edward* pleas'd with kingly regiment,

Fearst thou thy person ? thou shalt haue a guard :

Wants thou Gold ? go to my treasure.

Wouldst thou be lou'de and feard ? receiue my seale,

Saue or cōdemne, and in our name commaunde,

What so thy minde affects or fancie likes.

*Gau.* It shall suffice me to enioy your loue,

Which whiles I haue, I thinke my selfe as great

As *Cesar* riding in the *Romaine* streete,

With Captiue kings at his tryumphant Carre.

*Enter the Bishop of Couentrie.*

*Edw.* Whether goes my Lord of Couentrie so fast,

*Bish.* To celebrate your fathers exequies,

But is that wicked *Gaueston* return'd ?

*Edw.* I preist, and liues to be reuengd on thee,

That wert the onely cause of his exile.

*Gau.* Tis true, and but for reuerence of these robes,

Thou shouldst not plod one foote beyond this place.

The Tragedie

*Bish.* I did no more then I was bound to do,  
And *Gaueſton* vnleſſe thou be reclaimd,  
As then I did incenſe the parlament,  
So will I now, and thou ſhalt backe to France.

*Gauc.* Sauing your reuerence, you muſt pardon me.

*Edw.* Throwe of his Golden miter, rend his ſtole,  
And in the channell chriſten him anew.

*Kent.* Ah brother, lay not violent hands on him,  
For heele complaine vnto the ſea of Rome.

*Gauc.* Let him complaine vnto the ſea of hell,  
He be reuengd on him for my exile.

*Edw.* No, ſpare his life, but ſeaze vpon his goods,  
Be thou Lord Biſhop, and receiue his rents,  
And make him ſerue thee as thy chaplaine,  
I giue him thee: Heere uſe him as thou wilt.

*Gauc.* He ſhall to priſon, and there die in boulds.

*Edw.* I, to the tower, the fleete, or where thou wilt.

*Bish.* For this offence be thou accuſt of God.

*Edw.* Whoſe there? conuey this prieſt to the tower.

*Bish.* True, true.

*Edw.* But in the meane time *Gaueſton* away,  
And take poſſeſſion of his houſe & goods:  
Come follow me, and thou ſhalt haue my guard  
To ſee it done, and bring thee ſafe againe.

*Gauc.* What ſhould a Prieſt do with ſo faire a houſe?  
A priſon may beſeeme his holineſſe.

*Enter both the Mortimers, Warwicke,  
and Lancaſter.*

*War.* Tis true, the Biſhop is in the Tower,  
And goods and body giuen to *Gaueſton*.

*Lan.* What? will they tyrannize upon the Church?  
Ah wicked King, accuſed *Gaueſton*,  
This ground which is corrupted with their ſteps,  
Shall be their timeleſſe ſepulcher, or mine.

*Mor. in.* Wel, let that peeuish Frenchman gaurd him ſure  
Vnleſſe his breſt be ſword prooſe he ſhall die.

*Mor. ſe.* How now, why droopes the Earle of Lancaſter?

*Mor. in.* Wherefore is *Guy* of Warwicke diſcontent?

*Lan.* That villaine *Gaueſton* is made an Earle,

*Mort. ſen.*

*Mort. sen.* An Earle!

*War.* I, and besides Lord Chamberlaine of the realme,  
And secretarie too, and Lord of Man.

*Mor. se.* We may not, nor we will not suffer this,

*Mor. in.* Why post we not from hence to leaue men?

*Lan.* My Lord of Cornewall, now at euery word,  
And happy is the man, whom he vouchsafes  
For vailing of his bonnet one good looke,  
Thus arme in arme, the King and he doth march:  
Nay more, the garde vpon his Lordship waites:  
And all the court begins to flatter him.

*War.* Thus leaning on the shoulder of the King,  
He nods, and scornes, and smiles at those that passe.

*Mor. se.* Doth no man take exceptions at the slaue?

*Lan.* All stomacke him, but none dare speake a word.

*Mor. in.* Ah that bewraies their basenes Lancaster,  
Were all the Earles and Barons of my minde,  
Weele hale him from the bosome of the King,  
And at the court gate hang the pesant vp,  
Who swolne with venome of ambitious pride,  
Will be the ruine of the realme and vs.

*Enter the Bishop of Canterburie.*

*War.* Heere comes my Lord of Canterburies grace.

*Lan.* His countenance bewraies he is displeasde,

*Bish.* First were his sacred garments rent and torne,  
Then laide they violent hands vpon him next,  
Himselfe imprisoned, and his goods asceafd,  
This certifie the Pope, away take horse.

*Lan.* My Lord, will you take armes against the King?

*Bish.* What neede I, God himselfe is vp in armes,  
When violence is offered to the Church.

*Mor in.* Then will you ioyne with vs that be his Peeres  
To banish or behead that *Gaueston*.

*Bish.* What else my Lordes, for it concernes me nere,  
The Bishoppricke of *Coventrie* is his.

*Enter the Queene.*

*Mor. in.* Madam, whether walks your maiestic so fast?

*Que.* Vnto the forrest gentle *Mortimer*,  
To diue in griefe and balefull discontent,

For now my Lord the king regards me not,  
But dotes vpon the loue of *Gaueston*,  
He claps his cheekes, and hanges about his necke,  
Smiles in his face, and whispers in his eares,  
And when I come, he frownes, as who should say,  
Go whether thou wilt seeing I haue *Gaueston*.

*Mor. se.* Is it not strange, that he is thus bewitcht?

*Mor. in.* Madam, returne vnto the court againe :  
That she inueigling Frenchman weele exile,  
Or lose our iutes : and yet ere that day come,  
The king shall lose his crowne, for we haue power,  
And courage to, to be reuengde at full.

*Bish.* But yet list not your swordes against the king.

*Lan.* No, but weele list *Gaueston* from hence.

*War.* And warre must be the meanes, or heele stay still

*Que.* Then let him stay, for rather then my Lord  
Shall be oppressd with ciuill munities,  
I will endure a melancholy life,  
And let him frolicke with his minion.

*Bish.* My Lordes, to ease all this, but heare me speake,  
We and the rest that are his counsellors,  
Will meete, and with a generall consent,  
Confirm his bannishment with our hands and scales,

*Lan.* What we confirme the King will frustrate.

*Mor. in.* Then may we lawfully reuolt from him.

*War.* But say my Lord, where shall this meeting bee?

*Bish.* At the newe Temple.

*Mor. in.* Content :

*B.* And in the meane time ile intreat you all,  
To crosse to Lambeth, and there stay with me.

*Lan.* Come then lets away.

*Mor. in.* Madam farewell.

*Que.* Farewell sweete *Mortimer*, and for my sake,  
Forbeare to leuie armes against the King.

*Mor. in.* I, if wordes will serue, if not, I must.

*Enter Gaueston and the earle of Kent.*

*Gau.* *Edmond* the mightie Prince of *Laucafter*,  
That hath more earledomes then an asse can beare,  
And both the *Mortimers* two goodly men,

With



Of Edward the second.

With *Guie* of Warwick that redoubted knight,  
Are gone towards *Lambeth*, there let them remaine.

*Enter Nobles,*

*Exeunt,*

*Lan.* Here is the forme of *Gauestons* exile:  
May it please your Lordship to subscribe your name.

*Bissh.* Giue me the paper.

*Lan.* Quicke quicke my Lord,  
I long to write my name.

*War.* But I long more to see him banisht hence.

*Mor. in.* The name of *Mortimer* shall fright the king,  
Vnlesse he be decline from that base pelant.

*Enter the King and Gaueston.*

*Edw.* What? are you mou'd that *Gaueston* sits heere?  
It is our pleasure, we will haue it so.

*Lan.* Your grace doth well to place him by your side,  
For no where else the newe earle is so safe.

*Mor. se.* What man of noble birth can brooke this sight?

*Quam male conueniunt:*

See what a scornfull looke the peasant casts.

*Penb.* Can kingly Lions fawne on creeping Ants?

*War.* Ignoble vassaile that like *Phaeton*,  
Aspir'st vnto the guidance of the sunne.

*Mor. in.* Their downfall is at hand, their forces downe,  
We will not thus be faced and ouerpeerd.

*Edw.* Lay hands on that traitour *Mortimer*.

*Mor. se.* Lay hands on that traitor *Gaueston*.

*Kent.* Is this the dutie that you owe your king?

*War.* We know our duties, let him know his peeres.

*Edw.* Whether will you beare him, stay or ye shall die,

*Mor. se.* We are no traitors, therefore threaten not.

*Gau.* No, threaten not my Lord, but pay them home,  
Were I a king.

*Mor. in.* Thou villaine, wherefore talkest thou of a king,  
That hardly art a gentleman by birth?

*Edw.* Were he a peasant, being my minion,  
Ile make the proudest of you stoupe to him.

*Lan.* My Lord you may not thus disparage vs.  
Away I say with hatefull *Gaueston*.

*Mor. se.* And with the earle of *Kent* that fauours him.



## The Tragedie

*Edw.* Nay, then lay violent hands vpon your King,  
Here *Mortimer*, sit thou in *Edwards* throne,  
*Warwicke* and *LANCASTER*, weare you my crowne,  
Was euer King thus ouer rulde as I?

*Lan.* Learne then to rule vs better and the realme.

*Mor. in.* What we haue done,  
our heart blood shall maintaine.

*War.* Thinke you that we can brooke this vpstart pride?

*Edw.* Anger and wrathfull furie stops my speech.

*Bish.* Why are you mou'd be patient my Lord,  
And see what we your Councillers haue done.

*Mor. in.* My Lordes, now let vs all be resolute,  
And cyther haue our wils, or looſe our liues.

*Edw.* Meete you for this, proud ouerdaring peeres,  
Ere my sweete *Gaueston* shall part from me,  
This ile shall fleete vpon the Ocean,  
And wander to the vnfrequented Inde.

*Bish.* You know that I am legate to the Pope,  
On your allegiance to the sea of Rome,  
Subscribe as we haue done to his exile:

*Mor. in.* Curse him, if he refuse, and then may we  
Depose him and elect an other King.

*Edw.* I there it goes, but yet I will not yeeld,  
Curse me, depose me, doe the worst you can.

*Lan.* Then linger not my Lord but do it straight.

*Bish.* Remember how the Bishop was abusde,  
Either banish him that was the cause thereof,  
Or I will presently discharge these Lords,  
Of duety and allegiance due to thee.

*Edw.* It bootes me not to threat, I must speake faire,  
The Legate of the Pope will be obaid:  
My Lord, ye shalbe Chauncellor of the Realme,  
Thou *LANCASTER*, high admirall of our fleete,  
Yong *Mortimer* and his vncke shalbe Earles,  
And you Lord *Warwick*, president of the North,  
And thou of Wales, if this content you not,  
Make feuerall kingdomes of this Monarchy,  
And share it equally amongst you all,  
So I may haue some nooke or corner left,

OF Edward the second.

To frolike with my deereſt *Gauſſone*.

*Biſh.* Nothing ſhall alter vs, we are reſolu'd,

*Laſ.* Come come, ſubſcribe.

*Mor. in.* Why ſhould you loue him,  
whome the world hates ſo?

*Edw.* Becauſe he loues me more then all the world:  
Ah none but rude and ſauage minded men,  
Would ſeeke the ruine of my *Gauſſon*,  
You that are noble borne ſhould pittie him.

*War.* You that are Princely borne ſhould ſhake him off.  
For ſhame ſubſcribe, and let the lowne depart.

*Mor. ſe.* Vrge him my Lord.

*Biſh.* Are you content to baniſh him the realme?

*Edw.* I ſee I muſt, and therefore am content,  
In ſteede of Inke, ile write it with my teares.

*Mor. in.* The King is loue-ſicke for his minion.

*Edw.* Tis done, and now accuſed hand fall off.

*Laſ.* Giue it me, ile haue it publiſhed in the ſtreetes,

*Mor. in.* Ile ſee him preſently diſpatched away.

*Biſh.* Now is my heart at eaſe.

*War.* And ſo is mine.

*Penb.* This will be good newes to the common ſort.

*Mor. ſe.* Be it or no, he ſhall not linger here.

*Exeunt Nobles.*

*Edw.* How faſt they run to baniſh him I loue,  
They would not ſtir, were it to do me good:  
Why ſhould a King be ſubieſt to a prieſt?  
Proud Rome, that hatcheth ſuch imperiall groomes,  
For theſe thy ſuperſtious taperlights,  
Wherewith thy Antichriſtian Churches blaze,  
Ile fire thy crazed buildings, and enforce  
The papall towers, to kiſſe the lowlye ground,  
With ſlaughtered prieſts may *Tyber's* channell ſwell,  
And bankes raiſd higher with their ſepulchers:  
As for the Peeres that backe the Cleargie thus,  
If I be King, not one of them ſhall liue.

*Enter Gauſſon.*

*Gauſ.* My Lord I heare it whiſpered euery where,  
That I am baniſh'd, and muſt ſee the land.

*Edw.* Tis true sweete *Ganeſton*, oh were it were it falſe,  
The Legate of the Pope will haue it ſo,  
And thou muſt hence, or I ſhall be depoſ'd,  
But I will raigne to be reueng'd of them,  
And therefore sweete friend, take it patiently.  
Liue where thou wilt, ile ſend thee gold enough,  
And long thou ſhalt not ſtay, or if thou dooſt,  
Ile come to thee, my loue ſhall neare decline.

*Gane.* Is all my hope turnd to this hell of greefe.

*Edw.* Rend not my heart with thy too peircing words,  
Thou from this land, I from my ſeſſe am baniſht.

*Gane.* To go from hence, greeues not poore *Ganeſton*,  
But to forſake you, in whoſe gracious lookes,  
The bleſſednes of *Ganeſton* remaines,  
For no where elſe ſeekes he felicitie.

*Edw.* And onely this torments my wretched ſoule,  
That whether I will or no thou muſt depart:  
Be gouernour of Ireland in my ſtead,  
And there abide till fortune call thee home.  
Here take my picture, and let me weare thine,  
O might I keepe thee heere, as I do this,  
Happie were I, but now moſt miſerable.

*Gane.* Tis ſomething to be pitied of a King.

*Edw.* Thou ſhalt not hence, Ile hide thee *Ganeſton*.

*Gane.* I ſhall be found, and then twill greeue me more.

*Edw.* Kinde words and mutuall talke, makes our greefe  
greater.

Therefore with dum imbraceiment let vs part,  
Stay *Ganeſton* I cannot leaue thee thus.

*Gane.* For euery looke, my Lord drops downe a teare,  
Seeing I muſt go, do not renew my ſorrow.

*Edw.* The time is little that thou haſt to ſtay,  
And therefore giue me leaue to looke my fill,  
But come sweet friend, ile beate thee on thy way.

*Gane.* The Peeres will frowne.

*Edw.* I paſſe not for their anger, come lets go,  
O that we might as well returne as goe.

*Enter Edmund and Queen Iſabell.*  
*Qu.* Whether goes my Lord?

*Edw.*

of Edward the second.

*Edw.* Fawne not on me French strumpet, get thee gone,

*Qu.* On whom but on my husband should I fawne?

*Gau.* On *Mortimer*, with whom vngentle *Queene*,  
I say no more, iudge you the rest my Lord,

*Qu.* In saying this, thou wrongst me *Gauceston*,

Itt not enough, that thou corrupts my Lord,

And art a bawd to his affections,

But thou must call mine honour thus in question?

*Gau.* I meane not so, your grace must pardon me.

*Edw.* Thou art too familiar with that *Mortimer*,

And by thy meanes is *Gauceston* exilde,

But I would with thee reconcile the Lords,

Or thou shalt nere be reconcild to me.

*Qu.* Your highnes knowes, it lies not in my power.

*Edw.* Away then, touch me not, come *Gauceston*.

*Qu.* Villaine, tis thou that robst me of my Lord.

*Gau.* Madam, tis you that rob me of my Lord.

*Edw.* Speake not vnto her, let her droope and pine.

*Qu.* Wherein my Lord, haue I deseru'd these words?

Witnesse the teares that *Isabella* sheds,

Witnesse this heart, that sighing for thee breakes,

How deare my Lord is to poore *Isabell*.

*Edw.* And witnesse heauen how deare thou art to me.

There weepe : for till my *Gauceston* be repeald,

Assure thy selfe thou comst not in my sight.

*Exeunt Edward and Gauceston.*

*Qu.* O miserable and distressed *Queene*,

Would when I left sweet France and was imbarckt,

That charming *Circes* walking on the waues,

Had chaungd my shape, or that the marriage day,

The cup of *Hymen* had beene full of poyson,

Or with those armes that twind about my neck,

I had beene stifled, and not liued to see,

The King my Lord, thus to abandon me:

Like frantick *Iuno* will I fill the earth,

With gastly murmure of my sighes and cries

For neuer doted *Ioue* on *Ganimes*,

So much as he on cursed *Gauceston*,

But that will more exasperate his wrath,

# The Tragedie

I must entreat him, I must speake him faire,  
And be a meanes to call home *Ganeſton* :  
And yet heele euer dote on *Ganeſton*,  
And ſo am I for euer miſerable,

*Enter the nobles to the Queene.*

*Lanc.* Looke where the ſiſter of the King of Fraunce,  
Sits wringing oſ her hands, and beats her breſt.

*Warw.* The King I feare hath ill intreated hir.

*Pen.* Hard is the heart that iniures ſuch a ſaint.

*Mor. in.* I know tis long of *Ganeſten* ſhe weepes.

*Mor. ſe.* Why ? he is gone.

*Mor. in.* Madam, how fares your grace ?

*Qu.* Ah *Mortimer* ! now breaks the Kings hate forth.  
And he confeſſeth that he loues me not.

*Mor. in.* Cry quittance Madam then, and loue not him,

*Qu.* No rather will I die a thouſand deaths,  
And yet I loue in vaine, heele nere loue me.

*Lan.* Feare ye not Madame, now his minions gone,  
His wanton humor will be quickly left.

*Qu.* Oh neuer Lancaſter ! I am inioynde,  
To ſue vnto you all for his repeale :  
This wils my Lord, and this muſt I performe,  
Or elſe be baniſht from his highnes preſence.

*Lan.* For his repeale, Madame, he comes not backe,  
Vnleſſe the ſea caſt vp his ſhipwrackt bodie.

*War.* And to behold ſo ſweete a ſight as that,  
Theres none here, but would run his horſe to death.

*Mor. in.* But madam, would you haue vs cal him home ?

*Qu.* I *Mortimer*, for till he be reſtorde,  
The angry King hath baniſht me the court :  
And therefore as thou loueſt and tendreſt me,  
Be thou my aduocate vnto theſe Peeres.

*Mor.* What would you haue me plead for *Ganeſton* ?

*Mor. ſe.* Plead for him that will, I am reſolute.

*Lan.* And ſo am I my Lord, diſwade the Queene.

*Qu.* O Lancaſter, let him diſwade the King,  
For tis againſt my will he ſhould returne.

*War.* Then ſpeake not for him, let the peaſant go.

*Qu.* Tis for my ſelfe I ſpeake, and not for him.

*Pen.*

Of Edward the second.

*Pem.* No speaking will preuaile and therefore cease.

*Mor. in.* Faire Queene forbear to angle for the fish,  
Which being caught, strikes him that takes it dead,  
I meane that vile *Torpedo*, *Gaueston*,  
That now I hope floates on the Irish seas,

*Qu.* Sweete *Mortimer*, sit downe by me a while,  
And I will tell thee reasons of such waight,  
As thou wilt soone subscribe to his repeale.

*Mor. in.* It is impossible, but speake your minde.

*Qu.* Then thus, but none shall heare it but our selues.

*Lan.* My Lords albeit the Queene winne *Mortimer*,  
will you be resolute and hold with me?

*Mor. se.* Not I against my nephew.

*Pem.* Feare not, the Queenes words cannot alter him.

*War.* No, do but marke how earnestly she pleads.

*Lan.* And see how coldly his lookes make deniall.

*War.* She smiles, now for my life his minde is chang'd.

*Lan.* Ile rather loose his friendship I, then graunt.

*Mor. in.* Well of necessitie it must be so,

My Lords that I abhor base *Gaueston*,  
I hope your honors make no question,  
And therefore though I plead for his repeall,  
Tis not for his sake, but for our auaille:  
Nay for the realmes behoofe and for the Kings.

*Lan.* Fic *Mortimer*, dishonour not thy selfe,  
Can this be true, twas good to banish him?  
And is this true, to call him home againe?

Such reasons, make white blacke, and darke night day.

*Mort. in.* My Lord of *Lancaster*, marke the respect.

*Lan.* In no respect can contraries be true.

*Qu.* Yet good my Lord, heare what he can alledge.

*War.* All that he speakes is nothing, we are resolu'd.

*Mor. in.* Do you not wish that *Gaueston* were dead?

*Pem.* I would he were.

*Mor. in.* Why then my Lord, giue me but leaue to speak.

*Mor. se.* But nephew, do not play the sophister.

*Mor. in.* This which I vrge is of a burning zeale  
To mend the King, and do our country good.  
Know you not *Gaueston* hath store of Gold,



# The Tragedie

Which may in Ireland purchase him such friends,  
As he will front the mightiest of vs all,  
And whereas he shall liue and be belou'de,  
Tis hard for vs to worke his ouerthrow.

*War.* Marke you but that my Lord of Lancaster.

*Mor. in.* But were he here, detested as he is  
How easily might some base slaue be suborn'd,  
To greete his Lordship with a poniard,  
And none so much as blame the murther,  
But rather praise him for that braue attempt.  
And in the Chronicle, enrowle his name,  
Fot purging of the realme of such a plague.

*Penb.* He saith true.

*Eauc. I.* but how chance this was not done before?

*Mor. in.* Because my Lords, it was not thought vpon:  
Nay more, when he shall know it lies in vs,  
To banish him, and then to call him home,  
Twill make him vaile the topflag of his pride,  
And feare to offend the meanest noble man.

*Mor. se.* But how if he do not Nephew?

*Mor. in.* Then may we with some colour rise in armes,  
For howsoeuer we haue borne it out,  
Tis treason to be vp against the King,  
So shall we haue the people on our side,  
Which for his fathers sake leane to the King,  
But cannot brooke a night growne musthrump,  
Such a one as my Lord of Cornewall is,  
Should beare vs downe of the nobilitie,  
And when the commons and the nobles ioyne,  
Tis not the King can buckler *Ganefton*.  
Weele pull him from the strongest hold he hath,  
My Lords, if to performe this I be slacke,  
Thinke me as base a groome as *Ganefton*.

*Lan.* On that condition *Lancaster* will grant.

*Warw.* And so will *Penbrooke* and I.

*Mor. se.* And I.

*Mor. in.* In this I count me highly gratified,  
And *Mortimer*, will rest at your commaund,

*Qu.* And when this fauour *Isabell* forgets,

Then



Of Edward the second.

Then let her liue abandond and forlorne,  
But see in happie time, my Lord the King,  
Hauing brought the Earle of Cornewall on his way,  
Is news returnd, this newes will glad him much,  
Yet not so much as me, I loue him more  
Then he can *Gaueston*, would he lou'd me  
But halfe so much, then were I treble blest.

*Enter King Edward mourning?*

*Edw.* Hees gone, and for his absence thus I mourne,  
Did neuer sorrow go so neere my heart,  
As doth the want of my sweete *Gaueston*,  
And could my crownes reuenew bring him backe,  
I would freele giue it to his enemies,  
And thinke I gaind, hauing bought so deare a friend.

*Qu.* Harke how he harps vpon his minion.

*Edw.* My heart is as an anuill vnto sorrow,  
Which beats vpon it like the Cyclops hammers,  
And with the noise turnes vp my giddie braine,  
And makes me franticke for my *Gaueston*:  
Ah had some bloudlesse fury rose from hell,  
And with my Kinglie scepter stroke me dead,  
When I was forst to leaue my *Gaueston*.

*Lan.* *Diablo*, what passions call you these.

*Qu.* My gracious Lord, I come to bring you newes.

*Edw.* That you haue parled with your *Mortimer*.

*Qu.* That *Gaueston* my Lord shalbe repeald.

*Edw.* Repeald, the newes is to sweete to be true.

*Qu.* But will you loue me, if you find it so,

*Edw.* If it be so, what will not *Edward* do?

*Qu.* For *Gaueston*, but not for *Isabell*.

*Edw.* For thee faire Queene, if thou louest *Gaueston*,  
Ile hang a golden tongue about my necke,  
Seeing thou hast pleaded with so good successe.

*Qu.* No other iewels hang about my necke  
Then these my Lord, nor let me haue more wealth,  
Then I may fetch from this ritch treasure:

O how a kisse reuiues poore *Isabell*.

*Edw.* Once more receiue my hand, and let this be,

A second marriage twixt thy selfe and me.

*Qu.* And may it prooue more happie then the first,  
My gentle Lord, Bespeake these nobles faire,  
That waite attendance for a gracious looke,  
And on their knees salute your maiesty.

*Edw.* Couragious Lancaster, imbrace thy King,  
And as grosse vapours perish by the sunne,  
Euen so let hatred with thy soueraignes sinile,  
Liue thou with me as my companion.

*Lan.* This salutation ouerioyes my heart.

*Edw.* Warwicke, shalbe my chiefeft counseller:  
These siluer haire will more adorne my court,  
Then gaudie filkes, or rich imbrotherie,  
Chide me sweete *Warwicke*, if I go astray.

*War.* Slay me my Lord, when I offend your grace.

*Edw.* In sollempne triumphes, and in publicke shoves,  
*Pembrooke* shall beare the sword before the King.

*Pen.* And with this sword, *Pembrooke* will fight for you.

*Edw.* But wherefore walkes young *Mortimer* aside?  
Be thou commander of our royall flecte,  
Or if that lostie office like thee not,  
I make thee here Lord Marshall of the realme.

*Mor. in.* My Lord, Ile Marshall all your enemies,  
As England shalbe quiet, and you safe.

*Edw.* And as for you, Lord *Mortimer* of *Chirke*,  
Whole great atchiuements in our forraine warre  
Deserues no common place, not meane reward:  
Be you the Generall of the leuied troopes,  
That now are ready to assaile the Scots.

*Mor. se.* In this your grace hath highly honoured me.  
For with my nature waite doth best agree.

*Qu.* Now is the King of England rich and strong  
Hauing the loue of his renowned Peeres.

*Edw.* *Isabell*, nere was my heart so light,  
Clarke of the crowne, direct our warrant forth,  
For *Ganesten* to Ireland: *Beaumont* flye  
as fast as *Iris*, or *Iouen Mercurie*.

*Beam.* It shalbe done my gracious Lord.

*Edw.* Lord *Mortimer* we leaue you to your charge:

Now

of Edward the second.

Now let vs in, and feast it royallie :

Against our friend the Earle of Cornewall comes,

Weele haue a generall tilt and turnament,

And then his mariage shalbe solemnizd,

For wote you not that I haue made him sure

Vnto our Cosin, the Earle of Glosters heire.

*Lan.* Such newes wee heare my Lord.

*Edw.* That day, if not for him, yet for my sake,

Who in triumph will be challenger,

Spare for no cost, we will requite your loue.

*War.* In this, or ought your highnes shall command vs.

*Edw.* Thankes gentle Warwick, come lets in and reuell.

*Manet Mortimers.*

*Exeunt.*

*Mor. se.* Nephew, I must to Scotland, thou staie'st here,

Leaue now to oppose thy selfe against the King,

Thou seest by nature he is milde and calme,

And seeing his minde so dotes on *Gaueston*,

Let him without controlement haue his will.

The mightiest Kings haue had their minions,

Great *Alexander* loued *Ephesion*,

The conquering *Hector*, for *Hilas* wept,

And for *Patroclus* sterne *Achillis* droopt :

And not Kings onely, but the wisest men.

The Romaine *Tullie* loued *Octauus*,

Graue *Socrates*, wilde *Alcibiades* :

Then let his grace, whose youth is flexible,

And promisseth as much as we can wish,

Freely enioy that vaine light-headed Earle,

For riper yeares will weane him from such toyes.

*Mor. in.* Vncle, his wanton humor greecues not me,

But this I scorne, that one so basely borne

Should by his seueraignes fauour grow so pert,

And riote it with the treasure of the realme,

While souldiers mutinie for want of pay.

He weares a Lords reuenew on his backe,

And *Midas* like he iets it in the court,

With base outlandish cullions at his heeles;

Whose proud fantasticke liueries make such shoue,

As if that *Proteus* God of shapes appearde.

The Tragedie

I haue not scene a dapper iacke so briske,  
He weares a short Italian hooded cloake,  
Larded with pearle, and in his tuscan cap  
A iewell of more value then the crowne,  
Whiles others walke below, the King and he  
From out a window, laugh at such as we,  
And floute our traine, and iest at our Atire:  
Vncle, tis this that makes me impatient.

*Mor. se.* But nephew, now you see the King is changd.

*Mor. iu.* Then so am I, and liue to doe him seruice,  
But whiles I haue a sword, a hand, a heart,  
I will not yeeld to any such vpstart.  
You know my minde, come vncle lets away.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Spencer and Balducke.*

(dead

*Bald.* Spencer, seeing that our Lord th'earle of Glosters  
Which of the nobles doest thou meane to serue?

*Spen.* Not Mortimer, nor any of his side,  
Because the King and he are enemies,

*Balducke* : learne this of me, a factious Lord  
Shall hardly do himselfe good, much lesse vs,  
But he that hath the fauour of a King,  
May with one word, aduance vs while we liue :  
The liberall Earle of Cornwall is the man,  
On whose good fortune *Spencers* hope depends.

*Bald.* What, meane you then to be his follower?

*Spen.* No, his companion, for he loues me well.  
And would haue once preferd me to the King.

*Bald.* But he is banisht, theres small hope of him.

*Spen.* I for a while, but *Balducke* marke the end,  
A friend of mine told me in secrecie,  
That hees repeald, and sent for backe againe,  
And euen now, a poast came from the court,  
With letters to our Ladie from the King,  
And as she read, she smilde, which makes me thinke,  
It is about her Louer *Gaueston*.

*Bald.* Tis like enough, for since he was exilde,  
She neither walkes abroad, nor comes in sight :  
But I had thought the match had beene broke off,

And

And that his banishment had chang'd her minde.

*Spen.* Our Ladies first loue is not wauering,  
My life for thine she will haue *Ganeston*.

*Bald.* Then hope I by her meanes to be preferd,  
Hauing read vnto her since she was a childe.

*Spen.* Then *Balducke*, you must cast the scholler off,  
And learne to court it like a Gentleman,  
Tis not a blacke coate and a little band,  
A Veluet cap'd cloake, fac't before with Serge,  
And smelling to a Nosegay all the day.  
Or holding of a Napkin in your hand,  
Or saying a long grace at a tables end,  
Or making lowe legs to a noble man,  
Or looking downward, with your eye lids close,  
And saying, truely ant may please your honour,  
Can get you any fauour with great men,  
You must be proud, bolde, pleasant, resolute,  
And now and then stab, as occasion serues.

*Bald.* *Spencer* thou knowest I hate such toyes,  
And vse them but of meere hypocrisie.  
Mine old Lord whiles he liude, was so precise,  
That he would take exceptions at my buttons,  
And being like pins heads, blame me for the bignesse,  
Which made me curate-like in mine attire,  
Though inwardly licentious enough,  
And apt for any kinde of villanie.  
I am none of these common pedants I,  
That cannot speake without *propterea quod*.

*Spen.* But one of those that saith *quandoquidem*,  
And hath a speciall gift to forme a verbe.

*Bald.* Leaue of this iesting, here my Ladie comes

*Enter the Ladie.*

*Ladie.* The greefe for his exile was not so much,  
As is the ioy of his returning home,  
This letter came from my sweete *Ganeston*,  
What needst thou loue, thus to excuse thy selfe?  
I know thou couldst not come and visit me,  
I will not long be from thee though I die:  
This argues the intire loue of my Lord,

When I forsake thee, death seaze on my heart,  
But stay thee here where *Gaueston* shall sleepe.  
Now to the Letter of my Lord the King,  
He wils me to repaire vnto the Court,  
And meete my *Gaueston*: why do I stay,  
Seeing that he talkes thus of my mariage day?  
Whole there, *Balducke*?

Se that my coach be readie, I must hence.

*Bald.* It shall be done Madam. *Exit.*

*Lad.* And meete me at the parke pale presentlie:  
*Spencer*, stay you and beare me companie,  
For I haue ioyfull newes to tell thee of,  
My Lord of Cornewall is a comming ouer,  
And will be at the court as soone as we.

*Spen.* I knew the King would haue him home againe.

*Lad.* If all things sort out, as I hope they will,  
Thy seruice *Spencer* shalbe thought vpon.

*Spen.* I humbly thanke your Ladiship.

*Lad.* Come leade the way, I long till I am there.

*Enter Edward, the Queene, Lancaster, Mortimer,  
Warwicke, Pembroke, Kent, attendantes.*

*Edw.* The winde is good, I wonder why he stayes,  
I feare me he is wrackt vpon the sea.

*Qu.* Looke *Lancaster* how passionat he is,  
And still his minde runs on his minion.

*Lan.* My Lord.

*Edw.* How now, what newes, is *Gaueston* arriued?

*Mor.in.* Nothing but *Gaueston*, what means your grace?  
You haue matters of more waight to think vpon,  
The King of France sets foote in Normandie.

*Edw.* A trifle, weele expell him when we please:  
But tell me *Mortimer*, whats thy deuise,  
Against the statly triumph we decreed?

*Mor.* A homely one my Lord, not worth the telling:

*Edw.* Prey thee let me know it.

*Mor.in.* But seeing you are so desirous, thus it is:

A lostie Cedar tree faire flourishing,  
On whose top-branches kingly Eagles pearch,  
And by the barke a canker creepes me vp,

An



And gets vnto the highest bough of all,

The motto : *Æque tandem.*

*Edw.* And what is yours my Lord of Lancaster?

*Lan.* My Lord, mines more obscure then *Mortimers.*

*Plinie* reports, there is a flying Fish,

Which all the other fishes deadly hate,

And therefore being pursued, it takes the ayre :

No sooner is it vp, but thers a fowle,

That seafeth it : this fish my Lord I beare,

The motto this : *Vndique mors est.*

*Edw.* Proud *Mortimer*, vngentle *Lancaster*,

Is this the loue you beare your soueraigne?

Is this the fruit your reconcilement beares?

Can you in words make shoue of amitie,

And in your shields display your rancorous mindes?

What call you this but priuate libelling,

Against the Earle of Cornewall and my brother?

*Que.* Sweete husband be content, they all loue you.

*Edw.* They loue me not that hate my *Gaueston*,

I am that Cedar, shake me not to much,

And you the Eagles, sore ye nere so high,

I haue the gresses that will pull you downe,

And *Æque tandem* shall that canker crie,

Vnto the proudest Peere of Britanie :

Though thou compar'st him to a flying Fish,

And threatnest death whether he rise or fall,

Tis not the hugest monster of the sea,

Nor fowlest Harpie that shall swallow him,

*Mor. in.* If in his absence thus he fauours him,

What will he doe when as he shall be present?

*Lan.* That shall we see, looke where his Lordship coms.

*Enter Gaueston.*

(thy friend,

*Edw.* My *Gaueston*, welcome to *Tinmouth*, welcome to

Thy absence made me droope, and pine away,

For as the Louers offaire *Danae*,

When she was lockt vp in a brasen Tower,

Desirde her more, and waxt outragious,

So did it sure with me : and now thy sight

Is sweeter farre, then was thy parting hence,

D

Bitter



Bitter and irkesome to my sobbing heart.

*Gau.* Sweet Lord and King, your speech preuēteth mine  
Yet haue I wordes left to expresse my ioy :  
The sheepeheard nipt with biting winters rage,  
Frolicks not more to see the painted spring,  
Then I doe to behold your Maiesie.

*Edw.* Will none of you salute my *Gaueston*?

*Lan.* Salute him? yes welcome Lord Chamberlaine.

*Mor. iii.* Welcome is the good Earle of Cornwall.

*War.* Welcome Lord gouernour of the Ile of man.

*Pen.* Welcome maister secretarie.

*Edm.* Brother do you heare them?

*Edw.* Still will these Earles and Barons vse me thus?

*Gau.* My Lord I cannot brooke these iniuries,

*Que.* Aye me poore soule when these begin to iarre.

*Edw.* Returne it to their throates, Ile be thy warrant.

*Gau.* Base Leaden Earles that glory in your birth,  
Goe sit at home and eate your tenants beefe :

and come not here to scoffe at *Gaueston*,

Whose mounting thoughts did neuer creepe so low,  
as to bestow a looke on such as you.

*Lan.* Yet I disdaine not to doe this for you.

*Edw.* Treason, treason : whers the traitor? (der him.

*Pen.* Here here King conuey hence *Gaueston*, thail mur-

*Gau.* The life of thee shall salue this foule disgrace.

*Mor. iii.* Villaine thy life, vnlesse I misse mine aime.

*Que.* Ah furious *Mortimer* what hast thou done?

*Mor.* No more then I would answere were he slaine.

*Edw.* Yes more then thou canst answer though he liue,  
Deare shall you both abide this riotous deede :  
Out of my presence, come not neare the court.

*Mor. iii.* Ile not be barde the court for *Gaueston*.

*Lan.* Weele hale him by the eares vnto the blocke.

*Edw.* Looke to your owne heads, his is sure enough.

*War.* Looke to your owne crowne, if you back him thus,

*Edm. Warwicke*, these wordes do ill beseme thy years,

*Edw.* Nay all of them conspire to crosse me thus,

But if I liue, Ile tread vpon their heads,

That thinke with high lookes thus to tread me downe,

Come

Of Edward the second.

Come *Edmond* lets away, and leuie men,  
Tis warre that must abate these Barons pride.

*Exit the King.*

*War.* Lets to our castles, for the King is moou'de.

*Mor. in.* Moou'de may he be, and perish in his wrath.

*Lan.* Cofin it is no dealing with him now,  
He meanes to make vs stoope by force of armes,  
and therefore let vs ioyntly heere protest,  
To prosecute that *Ganestow* to the death.

*Mor. in.* By heauen the abiect villaine shall not liue.

*War.* Ile haue his blood, or die in seeking it.

*Pen.* The like oath *Pembrooke* takes.

*Lan.* And so doth *Lancaster* :

Now send our Heralds to defie the King,  
and make the people sweare to put him downe.

*Enter a Poast.*

*Mor. in.* Letters from whence ?

*Messen.* From Scotland my Lord.

*Lan.* Why how now cofin, how fares all our friendes ?

*Mor. in.* My vnckles taken prisoner by the Scots.

*Lan.* Weele haue him ransomed man, be of good cheere.

*Mor. in.* They rate his ranfome at fife thousand pound,  
Who should defray the money but the King,  
Seeing he is taken prisoner in his warres ?  
Ile to the King,

*Lan.* Doe cofin, and Ile beare thee companie,

*War.* Meane time my Lord of *Pembroke* and my selfe,  
Will to New-castell heere, and gather head.

*Mor. in.* About it then, and we will follow you.

*Lan.* Be resolute and full of secrecy.

*War.* I warrant you.

*Mor. in.* Cofin, and if he will not ranfome him,  
Ile thunder such a peale into his eares,  
as neuer subiect did vnto his King.

*Lan.* Content, Ile beare my part, holla whose there ?

*Mor. in.* I marrie, such a garde as this doth well.

*Lan.* Lead on the way.

*Guard.* Whither will your Lordships ?

*Mor. in.* Whither else but to the King.

## The Tragedie

*Guard.* His highnes is disposed to be alone.

*Lan.* Why, so he may, but we will speake to him.

*Guard.* You may not in my Lord.

*Mor. in.* May we not.

*Edw.* How now, what noise is this ?

Who haue we there, ist you ?

*Mor.* Nay, stay my Lord, I come to bring you newes,  
Mine vnckles taken prisoner by the Scots.

*Edw.* Then ransom him.

*Lan.* Twas in your wars, you should ransom him ?

*Mor. in.* And you shall ransom him, or else ?

*Edw.* What *Mortimer*, you will not threaten him ?

*Edw.* Quiet your selfe, you shall haue the broad seale,  
To gather for him throughout the realme.

*Lan.* Your minion *Gaueston*, hath taught you this.

*Mor. in.* My Lord, the familie of the *Mortimers*  
Are not so poore, but would they sell their Land,  
Twould leuie men enough to anger you,  
We neuer beg, but vse such praiers as these,

*Edw.* Shall I still be haunted thus ?

*Mor.* Nay, now you are heere alone, Ile speak my mind.

*Lan.* And so will I, and then my Lord farewell.

*Mor.* The idle Triumphes, Maskes, lasciuious shewes  
And prodigall giftes bestowed on *Gaueston*,  
Haue drawne thy treasure drie, and made thee weake,  
The murmuring commons ouerstretched hath.

*Lan.* Looke for rebellion, Looke to be deposde,  
Thy garisons are beaten out of France,  
And lame, and poore, Lye groning at the gates,  
The wilde *Gneyle*, with swarmes of Irish Kernes,  
Liues vncontroulde within the English pale,  
Vnto the walles of Yorke the Scots made rode,  
And vnresisted, draue away rich spoiles.

*Mor. in.* The haucie *Dane* commaunds the narrow seas,  
While in the harbor ride thy ships vnrigd.

*Lan.* What forraine Prince sends thee embassadors.

*Mor.* Who loues thee ? but a sort of flatterers.

*Lan.* Thy gentle Queene, sole sister to *Valoys*,  
Complaines, that thou hast left her all forlorne.

*Mor.*

OF EDWARD THE SECOND.

*Mor.* Thy court is naked, being bereft of those,  
 That makes a King seeme glorious to the world,  
 I meane the Peeres, whom thou shouldst dearly loue:  
 Li bels are cast against thee in the streete,  
 Ballads and rimes, made of thy ouerthrow.

*Lanc.* The Northren borderers seeing their houses burnt  
 Their wiues and Children slaine, run vp and downe  
 Cursing the name of thee and *Ganeſton*.

*Mor.* When wert thou in the field with banner spread?  
 But once, and then thy souldiers marcht like players,  
 With garish robes, not armor; and thy selfe  
 Bedaubd with Gold, rode laughing at the rest,  
 Nodding and shaking of thy spangled crest,  
 Where womens fauours hung like labels downe.

*Lan.* And therefore came it, that the fleeing Scots,  
 To Englands high disgrace, haue made this ligge,  
 Maids of England, sore may you moorne,  
 For your Lemmons you hane lost, at Bannocks borne,  
 With a heaue and a ho,  
 What weeneth the King of England,  
 So soone to haue wonne Scotland,  
 With a rombelow.

*Mor.* *Wigmore* shall flye, to set my vnckle free. (more,

*Lan.* And when tis gone, our swords, shall purchase  
 If ye be mou'd reuenge it as you can. (Nobles  
 Looke next to see vs with our ensignes spred, *Exeunt*

*Edw.* My swelling heart for very anger breakes,  
 How oft haue I beene baited by these Peeres?  
 And dare not be reuengde, for their power is great:  
 Yet, shall the crowing of these cockerels,  
 Affright a Lyon? *Edward*, vnfold thy pawes  
 And let their liues blood slake thy furies hunger:  
 If I be cruell and growe tyrannous;  
 Now let them thanke themselues, and rue too late.

*Kent.* My Lord, I see your loue to *Ganeſton*  
 Will be the ruine of the realme and you,  
 For now the wrathfull nobles threaten warres,  
 And therefore brother banish him for euer.

*Edw.* Art thou an enemy to my *Ganeſton*?

The Playe

*Kent.* I, and it grieues me that I fauoured him.

*Edw.* Traitor be gone, whine thou with *Mortimer*.

*Kent.* So will I, rather then with *Gauceston*.

*Edw.* Out of my sight, and trouble me no more.

*Kent.* No maruell though thou scorne thy noble peers,  
When I thy brother am reiected thus. *Exit.*

*Edw.* Away poore *Gauceston*, that hast no friend but me,  
Do what they can, wee le liue in *Tinmoth* here,  
and so I walke with him about the walles,  
What care I though the Earles begire vs round,  
Heere comes she thats cause of all these iarres.

*Enter the Queene, Ladies 3, Balduck,  
and Spencer.*

*Qu.* My Lord tis thought, the Earles are vp in armes,

*Edw.* I, and tis likewise thought you fauor him.

*Qu.* Thus do you still suspect me without cause.

*La.* Sweete vncle speake more kindly to the queene.

*Gau.* My Lord, disemble with her, speake her faire.

*Edw.* Pardon me sweete, I forgot my selfe.

*Qu.* Your pardon is quickly got of *Isabell*.

*Edw.* The yonger *Mortimer* is growne so braue,  
That to my face he threatens ciuill warres.

*Gau.* Why do you not commit him to the Tower?

*Edw.* I dare not, for the people loue him well.

*Gauc.* Why then wee le hane him priuily made away.

*Edw.* Would Lancaster and he had both carroust  
a bowle of poyson to each others health :  
But let them go, and tell me what are these.

*La.* Two of my fathers seruants whilst he liu'de,  
Mai't please your grace to entertaine them now.

*Edw.* Tell me, where wait thou borne?  
What is thine armes?

*Bald.* My name is *Balduck* and my gentry  
I fetch from Oxford, not from Heraldry.

*Edw.* The fitter art thou *Balduck* for my turne,  
Waite on me, and fle se thou shalt not want.

*Bald.* I humbly thanke your maiestie.

*Edw.* Knowest thou him *Gauceston*?

*Gaucest.* I my Lord, his name is *Spencer*, he is wel alied,  
For

Of Edward the second.

For my sake let him waite vpon your grace,  
Scarce shall you finde a man of more desert.

*Edw.* Then *Spencer* waite vpon me for his sake,  
He grace thee with a higher stile ere long.

*Spen.* No greater titles happen vnto me,  
Then to be fauoured of your Maiestie.

*Edw.* Cousin, this day, shalbe your marriage feast,  
And *Gaueston*, thinke that I loue thee well,  
To wed thee to our neece, the onely heire  
Vnto the Earle of Gloster late deceased.

*Gau.* I know my Lord, many will stomacke me,  
But I respect neither their loue nor hate.

*Edw.* The head-strong Barons shall not limit me,  
He that I list to fauour shall be great:  
Come lets away, and when the mariage ends,  
Haue at the rebels, and their complices.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Lancaster, Mortimer, Warwick,  
Pembroke, Kent.*

*Kent.* My Lords, of loue to this our native land,  
I come to ioyne with you and leaue the King,  
And in your quarrell and the realmes behoofe,  
Will be the first that shall aduenture life.

*Lan.* I feare me you are sent of pollicie,  
To vndermine vs with a shoue of loue.

*Warw.* He is your brother, therefore haue we cause  
To cast the worst, and doubt of your reuolt.

*Edm.* Mine honour shalbe hostage of my truth,  
If that will not suffice, farewell my Lords.

*Mor. in.* Stay *Edmond*, neuer was Plantagenet  
False of his word, and therefore trust we thee.

*Pen.* But whats the reason you should leaue him now?

*Kent.* I haue enformd the Earle of Lancaster.

*Lan.* And it sufficeth: now my Lords know this,  
That *Gaueston* is secretly arriu'de,  
And here in *Tinmoth* frolickes with the King,  
Let vs with these our followers scale the walles,  
And sodainly surprize them vnawarres.



*Mor. in.* Ile giue the onser.

*War.* And Ile follow thee.

*Mor. in.* This tottered ensigne of my auncestors,  
which swept the desert shore of that dead sea,  
Whereof we got the name of *Mortimer*,  
Will I aduance vpon this castell walles,  
Drums strike alarum, raise them from their sport,  
And ring aloude the knell of *Gaueston*.

*Lan.* None be so hardy as touch the King,  
But neither spare you *Gaueston*, nor his friends.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the King and Spencer, to them  
Gaueston, &c.*

*Edw.* O tell me *Spencer* where is *Gaueston*?

*Spn.* I feare me he is slaine my gracious Lord.

*Edw.* No, here he comes, now let them spoile and kill:  
*Flic, flic*, my Lords, the Earles haue got the holde,  
Take shipping and away to *Scarborough*,  
*Spencer* and I will post away by Land.

*Gau.* O stay my Lord, they will not iniure you.

*Edw.* I will not trust them, *Gaueston* away.

*Gau.* Farewell my Lord.

*Edw.* Ladie, farewell.

*La.* Farewell sweete vncle till we meete againe.

*Edw.* Farewell sweete *Gaueston*, and farewell Neece.

*Qu.* No farewell to poore *Isabell*, thy Queene?

*Edw.* Yes yes, for *Mortimer* your Louers sake.

*Exeunt omnes, manet Isabella.*

*Qu.* Heauens can witnesse, I loue none but you,  
From my imbracements thus he breakes away,  
O that mine armes could close this Ile about,  
That I might pull him to me where I would,  
Or that these teares that driffell from mine eyes,  
Had power to molifie his stony heart,  
That when I had him we might neuer part.

*Enter the Barrons alarums.*

*Lan.* I wonder how he scapt.

*Mor. in.* Whose this, the Queene?

*Qu.* I *Mortimer*, the miserable Queene,

Whose



Whose pining heart her inward sighes haue blasted,  
And body with continuall moorning wasted :  
These hands are tir'd, with hailing of my Lord  
From *Gaueston*, from wicked *Gaueston*,  
And all in vaine, for when I speake him faire,  
He turnes away, and smiles vpon his minion.

*Mor. in.* Cease to lament, and tell vs wheres the King ?

*Qu.* What would you with the King, ist him you seeke ?

*Lan.* No Madam, but that cursed *Gaueston*,  
Farre be it from the thought of *Lancaster*,  
To offer violence to his soueraigne,  
We would but rid the realme of *Gaueston*,  
Tell vs where he remaines, and he shall die.

*Qu.* Hees gone by water vnto Scarborough,  
Pursue him quickly, and he cannot scape,  
The King hath left him, and his traine is small.

*War.* Forslow no time, sweete *Lancaster* lets march.

*Mor.* How comes it, that the King and he is parted ?

*Qu.* That this your armie going seuerall waies,  
Might be of lesser force, and with the power  
That he intendeth presentlie to raise,  
Be easily suppress : and therefore be gone.

*Mor.* Here in the Riuer rides a Flemish hoie,  
Lets all aboard, and follow him amaine.

*Lan.* The wind that bears him hence, will fill our saile,  
Come, come aboard, tis but an houres sailing.

*Mor.* Madam, stay you within this Castell here.

*Qu.* No *Mortimer*, Ile to my Lord the King.

*Mor.* Nay, rather saile with vs to Scarborough.

*Qu.* You know the King is so suspitious,  
As if he heare, I haue but talkt with you,  
Mine honour will be cald in question,  
And therefore gentle *Mortimer* be gone.

*Mor.* Madam, I cannot stay to answere you,  
But thinke of *Mortimer* as he deserues.

*Qu.* So well hast thou deseru'd sweete *Mortimer*,  
As *Isabell* could liue with thee for euer,  
In vaine I looke for loue at *Edwards* hand,  
Whose eyes are fixt on none but *Gaueston* :

Yet once more Ile importune him with prayer,  
If he be strange and not regard my wordes,  
My sonne and I will ouer into France,  
And to the King my brother there complaine,  
How *Gaueston* hath rob'd me of his loue :  
But yet I hope my sorrowes will haue end,  
And *Gaueston* this blessed day be slaine.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Gaueston, pursued.*

*Gaue.* Yet lustie Lords I haue escaped your hands,  
Your threats, your *Larams*, and your hote pursutes,  
And though deuor'd from King *Edwards* eyes,  
Yet liueth *Pierce* of *Gaueston* vn-surpriz'd,  
Breathing, in hope (*malgrado* al your beards,  
That muster rebels thus against your King )  
To see his royall soueraigne offce againe.

*Enter the Nobles.*

*War.* Vpon him souldiers, take away his weapons.

*Mor.* Thou proud disturber of thy countreyes peace,  
Corrupter of thy King, cause of these broiles,  
Base flatterer, yeeld, and were it not for shame,  
Shame and dishonour to a souldiers name,  
Vpon my weapons point here shouldst thou fall,  
And welter in thy goare.

*Lan.* Monster of men, that like the Greekeish strumpet  
Tran'd to armes and bloody warres,  
So many valiant Knights,  
Looke for no other fortune wretch then death,  
King *Edward* is not heere to buckler thee.

*War.* Lancaster, why talkst thou to the slaue ?  
Go souldiers take him hence,  
For by my sword, his head shall off :  
*Gaueston*, short warning shall serue thy turne :  
It is our countreyes cause,  
That heere seuerely we will execute

Vpon thy person : hang him at a bough :

*Gaue.* My Lord.

*War.* Souldiers, haue him away :

But for thou wert the favorite of a King,  
Thou shalt haue so much honour at our hands.

*Gauest.*

of Edward the second:

*Gauc.* I thanke you all my Lords, then I perceiue,  
That heading is one, and hanging is the other,  
And death is all.

*Enter Earle of Arundell.*

*Lanc.* How now my Lord of *Arundell*?

*Arun.* My Lords, King *Edward* greetes you all by me.

*War.* *Arundell*, say your message.

*Arun.* His Maiesty hearing that you had taken *Gaueston*,  
Intreateth you by me, yet but he may  
See him before he dies, for why, he saies  
And sends you word, he knowes that die he shall,  
And if you gratifie his grace so farre,  
He will be mindfull of the curtisie.

*Warw.* How now?

*Can.* Renowned *Edward*, how thy name  
Reuiues poore *Gaueston*.

*Warw.* No it needeth not,  
*Arundell*, we will gratifie the King  
In other matters, he must pardon vs in this,  
Souldiers away with him.

*Gauest.* Why my Lord of *Warwicke*,  
Will not these delaies beget my hopes?  
I know it Lords, it is this life you aime at,  
Yet grant King *Edward* this.

*Mor. in.* Shalt thou appoint what we shall grant?  
Souldiers away with him:

Thus weele gratifie the King,  
Weele send his head by thee, let him bestow  
His teares on that, for that is all he gets  
Of *Gaueston*, or else his sencelesse trunk.

*Lan.* Not so my Lord, least he bestow more cost  
In burying him, then he hath euer earned.

*Arun.* My Lords, it is his Maiesties request,  
And in the honour of a King he sweares,  
He will but talke with him and send him backe.

*Warw.* When can you tell? *Arundell* no, we wot  
He that hath the care of Realme-remits,  
And driues his Nobles to these exigents  
For *Gaueston*, will if he seaze him once,

## The Tragedie

Violate any promise to possesse him.

*Arun.* Then if you will not trust his grace in keepe,  
My Lords I will be pledge for his returne.

*Mor. in.* It is honorable in thee to offer this,  
But for we know thou art a Noble Gentleman,  
We will not wrong thee so,  
To make away a true man for a rheefe,

*Gauc.* How meanst thou *Mortimer*? that is ouer base.

*Mor.* Away base groome, robber of Kings renowne,  
Question with thy companions and mates.

*Pen.* My Lord *Mortimer* and you my Lords each one  
To gratifie the Kings request therein,  
Touching the sending of this *Gaueston*,  
Because his Maiesty so earnestlie  
Desires to see the man before his death,  
I will vpon my honour vndertake  
To carrie him, and bring him back againe,  
Provided this, that you my Lord of *Arundell*  
Will ioyne with me.

*War. Penbrooke*, what wilt thou do?  
Cause yet more bloudshed: is it not enough  
That we haue taken him, but must we now  
Leaue him on had-Iwift, and let him go?

*Pen.* My Lords, I will not ouerwooe your honors,  
But if you dare trust *Pembrooke* with the prisoner,  
Vpon mine Oath I will returne him backe.

*Arun.* My Lord of Lancaster, what say you in this?

*Lan.* Why I say, let him go on *Pembrookes* word.

*Pen.* And you Lord *Mortimer*.

*Mor.* How say you my Lord of *Warwicke*.

*War.* Nay, do your pleasures,  
I know how t'will prooue.

*Pen.* Then giue him me.

*Gauc.* Sweete soueraigne, yet I come  
To see thee ere I die.

*War.* Yet not perhaps,  
If *Warwicks* wit and policie preuaile.

*Mor. in.* My Lord of *Pembrooke*, we deliuer him you.  
Returne him on your honor, sound away.

*Exeunt:*  
*Manet*

of Edward the second.

*Manent Pembroke, Mat. Gaueſt. & Pembrookes men, foure Souldiers.*

*Pem.* My Lord, you ſhall goe with me,  
My houſe is not farre hence, out of the way,  
A little, but our men ſhall goe along,  
We that haue pretty wenches to our wiues,  
Sir, muſt not come ſo neere to balke their lips.

*Mat.* Tis very kindly ſpoke my Lord of *Pembroke*,  
Your honour hath an adament of power,  
To drawe a Prince.

*Pen.* So my Lord, come hether *James*,  
I do commit this *Gauſton* to thee,  
Be thou this night his keeper, in the morning  
We will diſcharge thee of thy charge, be gon.

*Gauſt.* Vnhappie *Gauſton*, whether goeſt thou now.

*Exit eam ſeruis. Pen.*

*Horſe boy.* My Lord, weele quickly be at *Cobham*.

*Exeunt ambo.*

*Enter Gauſton moorning, and the Earle of  
Pembrookes men.*

*Gauſt.* O trecherous *Warwick* thus to wrong thy friend

*James.* I ſee it is your Life theſe armes purſue.

*Gauſt.* Weaponles muſt I fall and die in bandes,  
O muſt this day be period of my life!  
Center of my bliſſe, and yee be men,  
Speede to the King.

*Enter Warwicke and his Companie.*

*War.* My Lord of *Pembrookes* men,  
Striue you no longer, I will haue that *Gauſton*.

*James.* Your Lordſhip doth diſhonour to your ſelfe,  
And wrong our Lord, your honourable friend.

*War.* No *James*, it is my countries cauſe I follow,  
Goe, take the villaine, ſoldiers come away,  
Weele make quicke worke commend me to your maiſter  
My friend, and tell him that I watcht it well,  
Come let thy ſhadow parley with King *Edward*.

*Gauſt.* Trecherous Earle, ſhall not I ſee the King?

*War.* The King of heauen perhaps, no other King,  
Away

## The Tragedie

*Exeunt Warwicke and his men, with Gaueſt :*

*Manent Iames cum ceteris.*

Come fellowes, it booteth not for vs to ſtrive,  
We will in haſt go certifie our Lord.

*Enter King Edward and Spencer, with  
Drumes and Fijes.*

*Edw.* I long to heare an anſwere from the Barons,  
Touching my friend, my deereſt *Gaueſton*,  
Ah *Spencer*, not the riches of my realme  
Can ranſome him, ah he is markt to die,  
I know the malice of the yonger *Mortimer*,  
*Warwicke* I know is rough, and *Lancaſter*  
Inexorable, and I ſhall neuer ſee  
My louely *Pierce* of *Gaueſton* againe,  
The Barons ouerbeare me with their pride.

*Spencer.* Were I King *Edward*, Englands ſoueraigne,  
Sonne to the louely *Ellenor* of Spaine,  
Great *Edward Long-ſhankes* iſſue: would I beare  
Theſe braues, this rage, and ſuffer vncontrolde  
Theſe Barons thus to beard me in my Land,  
In mine owne realme? my Lord pardon my ſpeech,  
Did you reaine your fathers magnanimitie?  
Did you regard the honour of your name?  
You would not ſuffer thus your Maieſtie  
Be counterbuſt of your Nobilitie.  
Strike off their heads, and let them preach on poles,  
No doubt, ſuch Leſſons they will teach the reſt,  
As by their preachments they will profit much,  
And learne obedience to their lawfull King.

*Edw.* Yea gentle *Spencer*, we haue beene too milde  
Too kinde to them, but now haue drawne our ſword,  
And if they ſend me not my *Gaueſton*,  
Weele ſteele it on their creſt, and powle their tops.

*Bald.* This haught reſolue becomes your Maieſtie,  
Not to be tied to their affection,  
As though your highnes were a ſchoole-boy ſtill,  
and muſt be awde and gouern'd like a Child.

*Enter Hugh Spencer an old man, father to the young  
Spencer, with his trunchion and ſoldiers.*

*Spencer pa.*



*Spencer.* Long liue my soueraigne the noble *Edward*,  
In peace triumphant, fortunate in warres.

*Edw.* Welcome old man, com'st thou in *Edwards* aid?  
Then tell the Prince, of whence, and what thou art.

*Spencer.* Lo, with a band of Bowmen and of Pikes,  
Browne Bils, and targetiers, 400 strong,  
Sworne to defend King *Edwards* royall right,  
I come in person to your Maiestie,  
*Spencer*, the father of *Hugh Spencer* there,  
Bound to your highnes euerlastinglie,  
For fauour done in him, vnto vs all.

*Edw.* Thy father *Spencer*?

*Spencer.* *filius.* True, and it like your grace,  
That powres (in lieu of all your goodnes showne)  
His life my Lord, before your princely seete.

*Edw.* Welcome ten thousand times, old man againe.

*Spencer*, this loue, this kindnes to thy King,  
Argues thy noble minde and disposition:

*Spencer*, I heere create thee Earle of Wilshire,  
And daily will enrich thee with our fauour,  
That as the sun-shine shall reflect ore thee:  
Beside, the more to manifest our loue,  
Because we heare Lord *Bruse* doth sell his Land,  
And that the *Mortimers* are in hand withall,  
Thou shalt haue crownes of vs, to out bid the Barons:  
And *Spencer*, spare them not, lay it on.  
Soldiers a largis, and thrice welcome all,

*Spencer.* My Lord. here comes the Queene.

*Enter the Queene and her sonne, and  
Lewne a Frenchman.*

*Edw.* Madam, what newes?

*Qu.* Newes of dishonour Lord, and discontent,  
Our friend *Lewne*, faithfull and full of trust,  
Informeth vs by letters and by wordes,  
That Lord *Valoyes* our brother, King of France,  
Because your highnesse hath beene slacke in homage,  
Hath seized *Normandie* into his handes,  
Thele be the Letters, this the messenger.

*Edw.* Welcome *Lewne*, tush tush, if this be all,

*Valoys* and I will soone be friends againe,  
But to my *Gaueston* : shall I neuer see,  
Neuer behold thee now ? Madam in this matter  
We will employ you and your little sonne,  
You shall go parley with the King of Fraunce,  
Boy, see you beare you brauely to the King  
And doe your message with a Maiestie.

*Pri.* Commit not to my youth, things of more waight  
Then fits a Prince so young as I to beare,  
And feare not Lord and father, heauens great beames  
On *Atlas* shoulder, shall not lie more safe,  
Then shall your charge committed to my trust.

*Qu.* A boy, this towardnes makes thy mother feare  
Thou art not markt to manie daies on earth.

*Edm.* Madam, we will that you with speed be shipt,  
And this our sonne *Leuen*, shall follow you,  
With all the hast we can dispatch him hence,  
Chooße of our Lords to beare you companie,  
And go in peace, leaue vs in warres at home.

*Qu.* Vnnaturall warre, where subiects braue their King,  
God end them once. Lord I take my leaue,  
To make my preparation for France.

*Enter Lord Matre.*

*Edw.* What Lord *Maire*, dost thou come alone ?

*Mat.* Yes my good Lord, for *Gaueston* is dead

*Edw.* Ah traitors, haue they put my friend to death,  
Tell me *Matre*, died he ere thou cam'st,  
Or did'st thou see my friend to take his death ?

*Matre.* Neither my Lord, for as he was surprizd,  
Begirt with weapons, and with enemies round,  
I did your highnes message to them all,  
Demanding him of them, entreating rather,  
And said, vpon the honour of my name,  
That I would vntertake to carrie him  
Vnto your highnes, and to bring him backe.

*Edw.* And tell me, would the rebels denie me that ?

*Spem.* Proud recreants.

*Edw.* Yea *Spencer* traitors all.

*Matre.* I found them at the first inexorable

The

The Earle of *Warwicke* would not bide the hearing,  
*Mortimer* hardly, *Penbrooke* and *Lancaster*  
 Speake least: and when they flatly had denyed,  
 Refusing to receiue me pledge for him,  
 The Earle of *Pembrooke* mildly thus bespake.  
 My Lordes, because our soueraigne sends for him,  
 And promiseth he shall be safe returnd,  
 I will this vndertake, to haue him hence,  
 And see him redeliuered to your hands.

*Edw.* Well, and how fortunes that he came not?

*Spem.* Some treason, or some villanie was cause.

*Mar.* The Earle of *Warwick* seazde him on his way.  
 For being deliuered vnto *Pembrookes* men,  
 Their Lord rode home, thinking his prisoner safe,  
 But ere he came *Warwicke* in ambush laie,  
 And bare him to his death, and in a trench  
 Stroke off his head, and marcht vnto the campe.

*Spem.* A bloody part, flatly against lawe of armes.

*Edw.* O shall I speake, or shall I sigh and die!

*Spem.* My Lord, referre your vengeance to the sword,  
 Vpon these Barons, harden vp your men,  
 Let them not vnreuengd murder your friends,  
 Advance your standard *Edward* in the field,  
 And march to fire them from their starting holes.

*Edward kneeles, and saith.*

By earth, the common mother of vs all,  
 By heauen, and all the moouing orbes thereof,  
 By this right hand, and by my fathers sword,  
 And all the honours longing to my crowne,  
 I will haue heads, and liues for him as many,  
 As I haue manors, castels, townes, and towers,  
 Trecherous *Warwicke*, traiterous *Mortimer*:  
 If I be *Englands* King, in lakes of gore  
 Your headles trunks, your bodies will I traile,  
 That you may drinke your fill, and quaffe in blood,  
 And stayne my royall standard wiith the same,  
 That so my bloodie colours may suggest  
 Remembrance of reuenge immortalitie,  
 On your accursed traiterous progenie:

# The Tragedie

You villaines that haue slaine my *Gaueston*,  
And in this place of honour and of trust,  
*Spencer*, sweete *Spencer*, I adopt thee heere,  
And meere of our Loue we do create thee  
Earle of Gloster, and Lord Chamberlaine,  
Despite of times, despite of enemies.

*Spen.* My Lord, heers a messenger from the Barons,  
Desires accessse vnto your Maiestie.

*Edw.* Admit him neere.

*Enter the Herald from the Barons, with  
his coate of armes.*

*Messen.* Long liue King *Edward*, Englands lawfull Lord.

*Edw.* So with not they I wis that sent thee hither,  
Thou com'st from *Mortimer* and his complices,  
A ranker roote of rebels neuer was:  
Well, say thy message.

*Messen.* The Barons vp in armes, by me salute  
Your highnes, with long Life and happines,  
And bid me say as plainer to your grace,  
That if without effusion of blood,  
You will this grieve haue ease and remedie,  
That from your Princely person you remooue  
This *Spencer*, as a purrifying branch,  
That deads the royall vine whose Golden leaues  
Empale your princely head, your Diadem,  
Whose brightnes such pernicious vpstarts dim,  
Say they, and louingly aduise your grace,  
To cherish vertue and Nobilitie,  
And haue old seruitors in high esteeme,  
And shake off sinooth dissembling flatterers:  
This granted, they, their honours, and their liues,  
Are to your highnesse vowd and consecrate.

*Spen.* A traitors, will they still display their pride?

*Edw.* Away, tarrie no answere but be gon,  
Rebels, will they appoint their soueraigne  
His sports, his pleasures, and his company:  
Yet ere thou goe, see how I doe deuote  
*Spencer* from me: now get thee to thy Lords,  
And tell them I will come to chastice them,

*Embrace  
Spencer.*

For

OF Edward the second.

For murdering *Gaueston*: hie thee, get thee gone,  
*Edward* with fire and sword, followes at thy heeles,  
 My Lord, perceiue you how these rebels swell:  
 Soldiers, good hearts, defend your soueraignes right,  
 For now, euen now, we march to make them stoope,  
 Away.

*Exeunt*

*Alarums, excursions, a great Fight, and a retreat.*

*Enter the King, Spencer the father, Spencer the sonne,  
 and the noblemen of the Kings side.*

*Edw.* Why doe we sound retreat? vpon them Lordes,  
 This day I shall power vengeance with my sword  
 On those proud rebels that are vp in armes,  
 And do confront and countermaund their King.

*Spen. son.* I doubt it not my Lord, right will preuaile.

*Spen. fa.* Tis not amisse my Liege for eyther part,  
 To breath a while, our men with sweat and dust  
 All chockt well neare, begin to faint for heate,  
 And this retire refresheth horse and man.

*Spen. son.* Heere come the rebels.

*Enter the Barons, Mortimer, Lancaster, Warwicke.*

*Pembroke, cum ceteris.*

*(terers.*

*Mor.* Looke *Lancaster*, yonder is *Edward* among his flat-

*Lan.* And there let him bee, till he pay deerely for their  
 companie.

*War.* And shall, or *Warwicks* sword shall finite in vaine;

*Edw.* What rebels, do you shrink, and sound retreat?

*Mor.* No *Edward* no, thy flatterers faint and flie.

*Lan.* Th'ad best betimes forsake thee and their trains,  
 For theile betray thee, traitors as they are.

*Spen. son.* Traitor on thy face, rebellious *Lancaster*.

*Pen.* Away base vpstart, brau'st thou Nobles thus.

*Spen. fa.* A noble attempt, and honourable deede,  
 Is it not trowe ye, to assemble aide,  
 And leuie armes against your lawfull King.

*Edw.* For which ere long, their heades shall satisfie:  
 T'appease the wrath of their offended King.

*Mor.* Then *Edward* thou wilt fight it to the Last,  
 And rather bath thy sword in subiects blood

## The Tragedie

Then banish that pernicious companie.

*Edw.* I traitours all, rather then thus be brau'de,  
Make Englands ciuill townes huge heapes of stones,  
And plowes to goe about our pallace gates.

*War.* A desperate and vnnaturall resolution,  
Alarum to the fight, faint *George* for England,  
and the Barons right.

*Edw.* *S. George* for England, and King *Edwards* right.

*Enter Edward, with the Barons captiues.*

*Edw.* Now lustie Lordes, now not by chance of warre,  
But iustice of the quarrell and the cause  
Vaild is your pride, me thinkes you hang the heads,  
But weele aduance them Traitors, now tis time  
To be auengd on you for all your braues,  
And for the murther of my deere friend,  
To whom right well you knew our soule was knit,  
Good *Pierce of Gaueston* my sweete fauorite,  
ah rebels, recreants, you made him away.

*Edm.* Brother, in regard of thee and of thy Land,  
Did they remooue that flatterer from thy throne.

*Edw.* So sir, you haue spoke, away, auoide our presence,  
Accursed wretches, wast in regard of vs,  
When we had sent our messengers to request  
He might be spard to come to speake with vs,  
And *Penbrooke* vndertooke for his returne,  
That thou proud *Warwicke* watcht the prisoner,  
Poore *Peirce*, and headed him against lawe of armes,  
For which thy head shall ouerlooke the rest,  
as much as thou in rage out went'st the rest.

*War.* Tyrant, I scorne thy threats and menaces,  
Tis but temporall that thou canst inflict.

*Lan.* The worst is death, and better die to liue,  
Then liue in infamie vnder such a King,

*Edw.* Away with them my Lord of *Winchester*,  
These lustie Leaders *Warwicke* and *Lancaster*,  
I charge you roundly off with both their heads, away.

*War.* Farewell vaine worlde.

*Lan.* Sweete *Mortimer* farewell.

*Mor.* England vnkinde to thy Nobilitie,



Grone for this grieſe, behold how thou art maimed

*Edw.* Go take that hautie *Mortimer* to the Tower,  
There ſee him ſafe beſtowed, and for the reſt,  
Do ſpeedie execution on them all, be gon.

*Mor.* What *Mortimer*? can ragged ſtony walles  
Immure thy vertue that aſpires to heauen,  
No *Edward* Englands ſcourage, it may not be,  
*Mortimers* hope ſurmounds hie fortune farre.

*Edw.* Sound drums and Trumpets, march with me my  
friends.

*Edward* this day hath crownd him King a new *Exit.*

*Manent Spencer filius, Lewne & Baldock.*

*Spen.* *Lewne*, the truſt that we reſoſe in thee,  
Begets the quiet of King *Edwards* Land,  
Therefore be gone in haſt, and with aduice,  
Beſtowe that Treasuſe on the Lords of France,  
That therewith all enchaunted like the garde,  
That ſuffered *Ioue* to paſſe in ſhowers of Gold,  
To *Danae*, all aide may be denied  
To *Iſabell* the Queene, that now in France  
Makes friends, to croſſe the ſeas with her young ſonne,  
And ſtep into his fathers regiment.

*Lew.* Thats iſeſe Barons and the ſubtill Queene,  
Long leuiud ar.

*Bald.* Yea, but *Lewne* thou ſeeſt,  
Theſe Barons lay their heads on blocks together,  
What they intend, the hangman fruſtrates cleane.

*Lew.* Hauē you no doubt my Lords, Ile claps cloſe,  
Among the Lords of France with Englands Golde,  
That *Iſabell* ſhall make her plaints in vaine,  
And France ſhall be obdurat with her teares.

*Spen.* Then make for Fraunce, amaine *Lewne* away,  
Proclaime King *Edwards* warres and victories.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

*Enter Edmund.*

*Edm.* Faire blowes the winde for France, blow gentle  
gale,  
Till *Edmund* be arriu'de for Englands good,  
Nature, yeeld to my cōntries cauſe in this.

A brother, no, a butcher of thy friends,  
Proud *Edward*, dost thou banish me thy presence?  
But Ile to France, and cheere the wronged Queene,  
And certifie what *Edwards* loosenesse is,  
Vnnaturall King, to slaughter Noble men  
And cherish flatterers: *Mortimer* I stay (deuice.  
Thy sweete escape, stand gracious gloomy night to his

*Enter Mortimer disguised.*

*Mor.* Holla, who walketh there, ist you my Lord?

*Edm.* *Mortimer* tis I, but hath thy potion wrought so  
happilie?

*Mor.* It hath my Lord, the warders all asleepe,  
I thanke them, gaue me leaue to passe in peace;  
But hath your grace got shipping vnto Fraunce?

*Edm.* Feare it not.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the Queene and her sonne.*

*Qu.* A boy, our friends do faile vs all in Fraunce?  
The Lords are cruell, and the King vnkinde,  
What shall we goe?

*Prince.* Madam, returne to England,  
And please my father well, and then a Fig  
For all my vnckles friendship heere in Fraunce,  
I warrant you, Ile winne his highnes quicklie,  
A loues me better than a thousand *Spencers*,

*Qu.* A boy, thou art deceiue'd at least in this,  
To thinke that we can yet be run'd together,  
No, no, we iarre too farre, vnkinde *Valoys*,  
Vnhappie *Isabell*, when France reiects,  
Whether, O whether dost thou bend thy steps.

*Enter Sir Iohn of Henolt.*

*S. Iohn.* Madam, what chere?

*Qu.* A good sir *Iohn of Henolt*,  
Neuer so cheereles, nor so farre distrest,

*S. Iohn.* I heare sweete Lady of the Kings vnkindnes,  
But droope not madam, Noble mindes contemne  
Despaire: will your grace with me to *Henolt*?  
And there stay times aduantage with your sonne,  
How say you my Lord, will you go with your friends,

And

of Edward the second.

And shake of all our fortunes equally.

*Prim.* So pleaseth the Queene my mother, me it likes,  
The King of England nor the court of Fraunce,  
Shall haue me from my gracious mothers side,  
Till I be strong enough to breake a staffe,  
And then haue at the proudest *Spencers* head.

*Sir Iohn.* Well said my Lord.

*Qu.* Oh my sweete hart, how do I mone thy wrongs?  
Yet triumph in the hope of thee my ioy,  
Ah sweete *Sir Iohn*, euen to the vtmost verge  
Of *Europe*, or the shore of *Tanais*,  
Will we with thee to *Henolt*, so we will,  
The Marques is a noble Gentleman,  
His grace I dare presume will welcome me,  
But who are these?

*Enter Edmond and Mortimer.*

*Edm.* Madam long may you liue,  
Much happier then your friends in England do.

*Qu.* Lord *Edmund* and Lord *Mortimer* aliuie,  
Welcome to Fraunce: the newes was here my Lord,  
That you were dead, or very neare your death.

*Mor. in.* Lady, the Last was truest of the twaine,  
But *Mortimer* referude for better hap,  
Hath shaken off the thraldome of the *Tower*,  
And liues to aduance your standard good my Lord.

*Prim.* How meane you, and the King my father liues?  
No my Lord *Mortimer*, not I, I trow.

*Qu.* Not sonne, why not? I would it were no worse,  
But gentle Lords, friendles we are in Fraunce.

*Mor. in.* Mounsier le Grand, a Noble friend of yours,  
Told vs at our arriuall all the newes,  
How hard the Nobles, how vnkinde the King  
Hath shewed himselfe, but Madam, right makes roome,  
Where weapons want, and though a many friends,  
Are made away, as *Warwick*, *Lancaster*,  
And others of our partie and faction,  
Yet haue we friends, assure your grace in England,  
Would cast vp cappes, and clap their hands for ioy,  
To see vs there appointed for our foes.

## The Tragedie

*Edm.* Would all were well, and *Edward* well reclaimd,  
For Englands honor, peace, and quietnes.

*Mor.* But by the sword, my Lord, it must be deseru'd,  
The King will nere forsake his flatterers.

*S. Iohn.* My Lords of England, sith the vngentle King  
Of France refuseth to giue aide of armes,  
To this distressed Queene his Sister heere,  
Go you with her to *Henolt*, doubt yee not,  
We will finde comfort, mony, men, and friends,  
Ere long, to bid the English King a base,  
How say yong Prince, what thinke of the match?

*Prin.* I thinke King *Edward* will out-runne vs all.

*Qu.* Nay sonne, not so, and you must not discourage  
Your friends that are so forward in your aide.

*Edm.* Sir *Iohn* of *Henolt*, pardon vs I pray,  
These comforts that you giue our wofull Queene,  
Binde vs in kindnes all at your commaund.

*Qu.* Yea gentle brother, and the God of heauen,  
Prosper your happie motion good Sir *Iohn*.

*Mor.* This noble Gentleman forward in armes,  
Was borne I see to be our anchor hold,  
Sir *Iohn* of *Henolt*, be it thy renowne,  
That Englands Queene, and Nobles in distresse,  
Haue beene by thee restored and comforted.

*S. Iohn.* Madam along, and you my Lord with me,  
That Englands peeres may *Henolts* welcome see.

*Enter the King. Matr, the two Spencers, with others.*

*Edw.* Thus after many threats of wrathfull warre,  
Triumpheth Englands *Edward* with his friends,  
And triumph *Edward* with his friends vncontrould,  
My Lord of Gloster, do you heare the newes?

*Spen. iu.* What newes my Lord?

*Edw.* Why man, they say there is great execution  
Done through the Realme, my Lord of *Arundell*  
You haue the note, haue you not?

*Mat.* From the Lieutenant of the Tower my Lord.

*Edw.* I pray let vs see it what haue we there?

*Read it Spencer.*

*Spencer reads their names.*

Why so? they barkt apace not long agoe,

Now

Now on my life, theſe neither barke nor bite.  
Now ſirs, the newes from France, Gloſter I trowe,  
The Lords of Fraunce loue Englands Gold ſo well,  
As *Iſabell* gets no aide from thence.  
What now remains, haue you proclaimd, my Lord,  
Reward for them can bring in *Mortimer*?

*Spencer. in.* My Lord we haue, and if he be in England,  
A will be had ere long I doubt it not.

*Edw.* If, dooſt thou ſay? *Spencer*, as true as death,  
He is in Englands ground, our Port-Maiſters  
Are not ſo careleſſe of their Kings commaund.

*Enter a Poſt.*

(theſe ?

How now, what newes with thee ; from whence come  
*Poſt.* Letters my Lord, and Tidings ſooth of France,  
To you my Lord of Gloſter from *Lewne*.

*Edward.* Reade.

*Spencer reads the Letters.*

My dutie to your honor preſmiſed, &c. I haue accor-  
ding to inſtructions in that behalfe, dealt with the King  
of Fraunce his Lords, & effected, that the Queene all diſ-  
contented and diſcomforted, is gone, whither if you  
aſke, with Sir *John* of *Henolt*, brother to the Marqueſſe,  
into Flaunders : with them are gone Lorde *Edmund*, and  
the Lord *Mortimer*, hauing in their companie diuers of  
your Nation and others, and as conſtant report goeth,  
they intend to giue King *Edward* battell in England, ſooner  
then he can looke for them : this is all the newes of  
import.

*Your honors in all ſervice, Lewne.*

*Edw.* A villaines, hath that *Mortimer* eſcap't ?  
With him is *Edmund* gone aſſociate :  
And will Sir *John* of *Henolt* lead the round ?  
Welcome a Gods name Madam and your ſonne,  
England ſhall welcome you, and all your route,  
Gallop apace bright *Phabus* through the ſkie,  
And duſkie night, in ruſtie iron carre,  
Betweene you both, ſhorten the time I pray,  
That I may ſee that moſt deſired day,

G

When

The Tragedie

When we may meete these Traitors in the field,  
Ah nothing grieues me but my little boye,  
Is thus misled to countenance their Ils,  
Come friends to Bristow, there to make vs strong,  
And winds as equall be to bring them in,  
As you iniurous were to beare them forth.

*Enter the Queene, her sonne, Edmund, Mortimer, and Sir Iohn.*

*Qu.* Now Lords, our louing friends and countrymen,  
Welcome to England all with prosperous windes,  
Our kindest friends in Belgea haue we left  
To cope with friends at home: a heauie case,  
When force to force is knit, and sword and glaue  
In ciuill broyles make kin and country men:  
Slaughter themselues in others, and their sides  
With their owne weapons goarde, but whats the helpe:  
Misgouern'd Kings are cause of all this wrack,  
And *Edward* thou art one among them all,  
Whose loosnes hath betrayed thy Land to spoyle,  
And made the channell ouerflow with blood  
Of thine own people; patró shouldst thou be, but thou.

*Mor.* Nay Madam, if you be a warrior,  
Ye must not grow so passionate in speeches:  
Lords, sith that we are by sufferance of heauen,  
Arriu'd and armed in this Princes right,  
Heere for our countries cause sweare we to him  
All homage, fealtie and forwardnes,  
And for the open wrongs and iniuries  
*Edward* hath done to vs, his Queene and Land,  
We come in armes to wrecke it with the sworde:  
That Englands Queene in peace may repossesse  
Her dignities and honours: and withall  
We may remooue these flatterers from the King,  
That hauocks Englands wealth and Treasurie.  
*S. Iohn.* Sound trüpeters my Lord & forward let vs march,  
*Edward* will thinke we come to flatter him.

*Edm.* I would he neuer had beene flattered more.

*Enter*



*Of Edward the second.*

*Enter the King, Baldock, and Spencer the sonne, flying about the stage.*

*Spen.* Fly, fly, my Lord, the Queene is ouerstrong,  
Her friends doe multiply, and yours doe faile,  
Shape we our course to Ireland there to breath.

*Edw.* What, was I borne to fly and runne away,  
And leaue the *Mortimers* conquerers behinde?  
Giue me my horse and lets re'nforce our troupes:  
And in this bed of honor die with fame.

*Bald.* O no my Lord, this Princely resolution  
Fits not the time: away, we are pursued.

*Edmund alone with a sword and target.*

*Edm.* This way he fled, but I am come too late,  
*Edward*, alas my heart relents for thee,  
Proud Traytor *Mortimer* why doost thou chase  
Thy lawfull King thy soueraigne, with thy sword?  
Vilde wretch, and why hast thou of all vnkinde,  
Borne armes against thy-brother and thy King?  
Raine shewes of vengeance on my cursed head  
Thou God, to whom in iustice it belongs  
To punish this vnnaturall reuolt:

*Edward*, this *Mortimer* aimes at thy life:  
O fly him then, but *Edmund* calme this rage,  
Dissemble or thou diest, for *Mortimer*  
And *Isabell*, doe kisse while they conspire,  
And yet she beares a face of loue forsooth:  
Fie on that loue that hatcheth death and hate,  
*Edmund* away, Bristow to Longshankes blood  
Is false, be not found single for suspect:  
Proud *Mortimer* pries neere into thy walkes.

*Enter the Queene, Mortimer, the young Prince  
and sir Iohn of Henalt.*

*Qu.* Successfulls battel giues the God of Kings,  
To them that fight in right and feare his wrath:  
Since then successfullly we haue preuaild,  
Thankt be heauens great architect and you,  
Ere farther we proceede my noble Lords,  
We here create our welbeloued sonne,  
Of loue and care vnto his royall person,

## The Tragedie

Lord warden of the Realme, and sith the fates  
Haue made his father so infortunate,  
Deale you my Lords in this, my louing Lords,  
As to your wisedomes fittest seemes in all.

*Edm.* Madam, without offence if I may aske,  
How will you deale with *Edward* in his fall?

*Prin.* Tell me good vncle, what *Edward* do you meane?

*Edm.* Nephew, your father, I dare not call him King.

*Mor.* My Lord of *Kent*, what needes these questions?

Tis not in her controulment, nor in ours,  
But as the Realme and Parlement shall please,  
So shall your brother be disposed off,  
I like not this relenting moode in *Edmund*.  
Madam, tis good to looke to him betimes.

*Qu.* My Lord, the Maior of Bristow knowes our mind.

*Mor.* Yea Madam, and they scapt not easlye,  
That fled the field.

*Qu.* *Baldock* is with the King,

A goodly Chauncelor, is he not my Lord?

*S. Iohn.* So are the *Spencers*, the father and the sonne.

*Edm.* This *Edward*, is the ruine of the Realme.

*Enter Rice ap Howell, and the Maior of Bristow,  
with Spencer the Father.*

*Rice.* God saue Queene *Isabell*, and hir princely sonne,  
Madam, the Maior and Citizens of Bristow  
In signe of loue and dutie to this presence,  
Present by me this Traitor to the itate,  
*Spencer*, the father to that wanton *Spencer*,  
That like the Lawles *Cariline* of Rome,  
Reueld in Englands wealth and Treasurie.

*Qu.* We thanke you all.

*Mor. in.* Your louing care in this,  
Deserueth princely fauours and rewardes,  
But wheres the King and the other *Spencer* fled?

*Rice.* *Spencer* the sonne, created Earle of Gloucester,  
Is with that smooth tounge Scholler *Baldock* gone,  
And shipt but late for Ireland with the King.

*Mor. H.*

Of Edward the second.

*Mor. in.* Some whirlwind fetch them backe, or sinke them all:

They shall be started thence I doubt it not.

*Prim.* Shall I not see the King my father yet?

*Edm.* Vnhappies Edward, chast from Englands bounds.

*S. Iohn.* Madam, what resteth, why stand ye in a muse?

*Qu.* I rue my Lords ill fortune, but alas,  
Care of my Country cald me to this warre.

*Mor.* Madam, haue done with care and sad complaint,  
Your King hath wrong'd your countrie and himselfe,  
And we must seeke to right it as we may.

Meane while haue hence this rebell to the blocke.

*Spencer.* Rebell is he that fights against the Prince,  
So fought not they that fought in Edwards right.

*Mor.* Take him away, he prates, you *Rice ap Howell*,  
Shall doe good service to her Maiestie,  
Being of countenance in your Country heere,  
To follow these rebellious runagates,  
We in meane while Madam, must take aduice,  
How *Baldocke*, *Spencer*, and their complices,  
May in their fall be followed to their end.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter the Abbots, Monks, Edward, Spencer,  
and Baldocke.*

*Abbot.* Haue you no doubt my Lord, haue you no feare,  
As silent and as carefull we will be,  
To keepe your Royall person safe with vs,  
Free from suspect, and fell inuasion  
Of such as haue your Maiestie in chase,  
Your selfe, and those your chosen companie,  
As danger of this stormie time requires.

*Edw.* Father, thy face should harbour no deceit,  
O had'st thou euer beene a King, thy heart  
Pierst deeply with sence of my distresse,  
Could not but take compassion of my state,  
Stately and proud, in riches and in traine  
Whilom I was, powerful and full of pompe,  
But what is he, whome rule and Emperie  
Haue not in life or death made miserable?

Come *Spencer*, come *Baldocke*, come sit downe byme,  
Make triall now of philosophiie,  
That in our famous nurseries of artes  
Thou sucked'st from *Plato*, and from *Aristotle*.  
Father, this life contemplatiue is heauen,  
O that I might this life in quiet lead,  
But we alas are chaste, and you my friendes,  
Your liues and my dishonour they pursue,  
Yet gentle monkes, for treasure, gold nor fee,  
Do you betray vs and our companie.

*Monkes*. Your grace may sit secure, if none but we doe  
wot of your abode.

*Spem*. Not one aliue, but shrewdly I suspect,  
A gloomie fellow in a meade below,  
A gaue a long looke after vs my Lord,  
And all the Land I know is vp in armes,  
Armes that pursue our liues with deadly hate.

*Bald*. We were imbarckt for Ireland, wretched we,  
With awkward winds, and sore tempests driuen  
To fall on shoare, and here to pine in feare  
Of *Mortimer* and his confederates.

*Edw. Mortimer*, who talkes of *Mortimer*,  
Who wounds me with the name of *Mortimer*  
That bloody man? good father on thy lap  
Lay I this head, Laden with mickle care,  
O might I neuer ope these eyes againe,  
Neuer againe lift vp this drooping head,  
O neuer more lift vp this dying heart!

*Spem. son*. Looke vp my Lord *Baldocke*, this drowfines  
Betides no good, here euen we are betrayed.

*Enter with Welch hookes, Rice ap Howell, a. Mower,*  
*and the Earle of Leicester.*

*Mower*. Vpon my life, these be the men ye seeke,  
*Rice*. Fellow enough, my Lord I pray be short,  
A faire commission warrants what we doe.

*Lei*. The Queenes commission, vrg'de by *Mortimer*,  
What cannot *Mortimer* with the Queene?  
Alas, see where he sits, and hopes vnscene  
T'escape their handes that seeke to reauie his Life.

Of Edward the second.

Too true it is, *quem dies vidit veniens superbum,*  
*Hunc dies vidit fugiens iacentem*

But *Leister* leaue to growe so passionate,  
*Spencer* and *Balducke*, by no other names,  
 I arrest you of high treason here,  
 Stand not on titles but obey th'arrest,  
 Tis in the name of *Isabell* the Queene.  
 My Lord, why droope you thus?

*Edw.* O day! the last of all my blisse on earth,  
 Center of all misfortune. O my starres!  
 Why do you lowre vnkindly on a King?  
 Came *Leister* then in *Isabellas* name,  
 To take my life, my companie from me?  
 Heere man rip vp this panting breast of mine;  
 And take my heart, in reskew of my friends.

*Rice.* Away with them.

*Spen. in.* It may become thee yet,  
 To let vs take our farewell of his grace.

*Abb.* My heart with pittie eernes to see this sight,  
 A King to beare these wordes and proud commaundes.

*Edw.* *Spencer*, ah sweet *Spencer*, thus then must we part.

*Sper. in.* We must my Lord, so will the angry heauens.

*Edw.* Nay so will hell and cruell *Mortimer*:

The gentle heauens haue not to doe in this.

*Bald.* My Lord, it is in vaine to greeue or storme,  
 Heere humblie of your grace we take our leaues,  
 Our lots are cast, I feare me so is thine,

*Edw.* In heauen we may, in earth neuer shall we meete,  
 And *Leister* say, what shall become of vs?

*Leist.* Your maiestie must goe to Killingworth.

*Edw.* Must! tis somewhat hard, when Kings must go.

*Lieft.* Here is a Litter ready for your Grace,  
 That waites your pleasure, and the day growes olde.

*Rice.* As good be gone, as stay and be benighted.

*Edw.* A litter hast thou, Lay me on a hearse,  
 And to the gates of hell conuey me hence,  
 Let *Plutos* bells ring out my fatall knell,  
 And hags howle for my death at *Charons* shore,  
 For friends hath *Edward* none, but these, and these,

# The Tragedie

And these must die vnder a tyrants sword.

*Rice.* My Lord, be going, care not for these,  
For we shall see them shorter by the heads.

*Edw.* Well, that shalbe, shalbe : part we must,  
Sweete *Spencer*, gentle *Balducke*, part we must,  
Hence fained weedes, vnfained are my woes,  
Father, farewell : *Leister* thou staist for me,  
And go I must, Life, farewell with my friendes.

*Exeunt Edward and Lancaster.*

*Spen.* O is he gone ! is noble *Edward* gone,  
Parted from hence, neuer to see vs more,  
Rent sphere of heauen, and sier forsake thy Orbe,  
Earth melt to ayre, gone is my soueraigne,  
Gone, gone alas, neuer to make returne.

*Bald.* *Spencer*, I see our soules are fleeting hence,  
We are depriu'de the sun-shine of our life,  
Make for a new life man, throw vp thy eyes,  
And heart and hand to heauens immortal throne,  
Pay natures debt with cheerefull countenance,  
Reduce we all our Lessons vnto this  
To die, sweete *Spencer*, therefore liue we all,  
*Spencer*, all liue to die, and rise to fall.

*Rice.* Come, come, keepe these preachments till you  
come to the place appointed.  
You, & such as you are, haue made wise work in England,  
Will your Lordships away ?

*Mower.* Your Lordship I trust will remember me ?

*Rice.* Remember thee fellow ? what else  
Follow me to the towne.

*Enter the King, Leicester. with a Bishop for  
the crowne.*

*Lei.* Be patient good my Lord, cease to lament,  
Imagine Killingworth Castell were your Court :  
And that you lay for pleasure here a space,  
Not of compulsion or necessitie.

*Edw.* *Leister*, if gentle wordes might comfort me :  
Thy speeches long agoe had easde my sorrowes  
For kinde & louing hast thou alwaies beene,  
The griefes of priuate men are soone allayde



But not of Kings, the Forrest Deare being stricke  
 Runnes to an hearbe that closeth vp the woundes,  
 But when the imperiall Lions flesh is gorde,  
 He rends, and teares it with his wrathfull pawe,  
 Highly scorning, that the lowly earth  
 Should drinke his blood, mounts vp to the ayre :  
 And so it fares with me, whose dauntlesse minde  
 The ambitious *Mortimer* would seeke to curbe,  
 And that vnnaturall Queene false *Isabell*,  
 That thus hath pent and mu'd me in a prison,  
 For such outrageous passions cloy my soule,  
 As with the wings of rancour and disdaine,  
 Full oft am I soaring vp to heauen,  
 To plaine me to the Gods against them both :  
 But when I call to minde I am a King,  
 Me thinkes I should reuenge me of my wrongs,  
 That *Mortimer* and *Isabell* haue done,  
 But what are Kings, when regiment is gone,  
 But perfect shadowes in a sun-shine day ?  
 My Nobles rule, I beare the name of King,  
 I weare the crowne, but am contrould by them,  
 By *Mortimer*, and my vnconstant Queene;  
 Who spots my nuptiall bed with infamie,  
 Whilst I am lodg'd within this caue of care,  
 Where sorrow at my elbow still attends,  
 To company my heart with sad laments,  
 That bleedes within me for this strange exchange.  
 But tell me, must I now resigne my crowne,  
 To make vsurping *Mortimer* a King ?

*Bish.* Your grace mistakes, it is for Englands good,  
 And princely *Edwards* right we craue the crowne.

*Edw.* No, tis for *Mortimer*, not *Edwards* head,  
 For hees a Lambe, encompassed by Wolues,  
 Which in a moment will abridge his life :  
 But if proud *Mortimer* doe weare this crowne,  
 Heauens turne it to a blaze of quenchlesse fire  
 Or like the snakie wreath of *Tisiphon*,  
 Engirt the Temples of his hatefull head,  
 So shall not Englands vines be perished,

But *Edwards* name suruiues, though *Edward* dies.

*Leif.* My Lord, why wast you thus the time away,  
They stay your answer, will you yeeld your crowne?

*Edw.* Ah *Leifster*, waigh how hardly I can brooke  
To loose my crowne and Kingdome with out cause,  
To giue ambitious *Mortimer* my right,  
That like a mountaine cuerwhelmes my blisse,  
In which extreame my minde heere murdered is:  
But that the heauens appoint, I must obey.  
Here take my crowne, the life of *Edward* too,  
Two Kings in England cannot raigne at once:  
But stay a while, let me be King till night,  
That I may gaze vpon this glittering crowne,  
So shall my eyes receiue their last content,  
My head, the latest honour dew to it,  
And ioyntly both yeeld vp their wished right.

Continue ever thou eelestiall Sunne,  
Let neuer silent night possesse this clime,  
Stand still you watches of the Element.  
All times and seasons rest you at a stay,  
That *Edward* may be still faire Englands King:  
But daies bright beame doth vanish fast away,  
And needs I must resigne my wished crowne.  
Inhumaine creatures, nurst with Tigers milke,  
Why gape you for your soueraignes ouerthrow?  
My Diadem I meane, and guiltlesse life,  
See monsters see, Ile weare my crowne againe  
What, feare you not the furie of your King?

But haplesse *Edward* thou art fondly led,  
They passe not for thy frownes as late they did,  
But seekes to make a new elected King,  
Which fills my minde with strange despairing thoughts,  
Which thoughts are matyred with endlesse torments.  
And in this torment, comfort finde I none,  
But that I feele the crowne vpon my head,  
And therefore let me weare it yet a while.

*Tru.* My Lord, the Parliament must haue present newes,  
And therefore say, will you resigne or no,

*The King rageth.*

*Edw.*

## of Edward the second.

*Edw.* Ile not resigne, not whilst I liue,  
Traitors be gone, and ioyne you with *Mortimer*,  
Elect, conspire, instal, doe what you will,  
Their blood and yours shall seale these Trecheries.

*Bish.* This answer weele returne, and so farewell

*Leist.* Call them againe my Lord, and speake them faire,  
For if they goe, the Prince shall loose his right.

*Edw.* Call thou them backe, I haue no power to speake,

*Lei.* My Lord, the King is willing to resigne,

*Bish.* If he be not, let him chuse.

*Edw.* O would I might, but heauens & earth conspire  
To make me miserable: heere receiue my crowne,  
Receiue it? no, these innocent hands of mine  
Shall not be guiltie of so foule a crime,  
He of you all that most desires my blood,  
And will be cald the murderer of a King,  
Take it: what are you moude, pittie you me?  
Then send for vnrelenting *Mortimer*  
And *Isabell*, whose eyes being turne to Steele,  
Will sooner sparkle fire then shed a teare:  
Yet stay, for rather then I will looke on them,  
Heere, heere: now sweete God of heauen,  
Make me despise this transitorie pompe,  
And sit for aye inthronized in heauen,  
Come death, and with thy fingers close my eyes,  
Or if I liue, let me forget my selfe.

*Enter Bartley.*

*Bartley.* My Lord,

*Edw.* Call me not Lorde,  
Away, out of my sight, ah pardon me,  
Griefe makes me Lunaticke,  
Let not that *Mortimer* protect my sonne,  
More safetie there is in a Tigers iawes  
Then his imbracements: beare this to the Queene,  
Wet with my teares, and dried againe with sighes,  
If with the sight thereof, shee be not mouued,  
Returne it backe and dip it in my blood,  
Commend me to my sonne, and bid him rule  
Better then I, yet how haue I transgressed,

But *Edwards* name suruiues, though *Edward* dies.

*Leist.* My Lord, why wast you thus the time away,  
They stay your answer, will you yeeld your crowne?

*Edw.* Ah *Leister*, waigh how hardly I can brooke  
To loose my crowne and Kingdome with out cause,  
To giue ambitious *Mortimer* my right,  
That like a mountaine cuerwhelmes my blisse,  
In which extreame my minde heere murdered is:  
But that the heauens appoint, I must obey.  
Here take my crowne, the life of *Edward* too,  
Two Kings in England cannot raigne at once:  
But stay a while, let me be King till night,  
That I may gaze vpon this glittering crowne,  
So shall my eyes receiue their last content,  
My head, the latest honouour dew to it;  
And ioyntly both yeeld vp their wished right.  
Continue euer thou celestiall Sunne,  
Let neuer silent night possesse this clime,  
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My Diadem I meane, and guiltlesse life,  
See monsters see, Ile weare my crowne againe  
What, feare you not the furie of your King?  
But haplesse *Edward* thou art fondly led,  
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And in this torment, comfort finde I none,  
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Traitors be gone, and ioyne you with *Mortimer*,  
Else, conspire, instal, doe what you will,  
Their blood and yours shall seale these Trecheries.

*Bish.* This answere weele returne, and so farewell

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For if they goe, the Prince shall loose his right.

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To make me miserable: heere receiue my crowne,  
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Shall not be guiltie of so foule a crime,  
He of you all that most desires my blood,  
And will be cald the murdherer of a King,  
Take it: what are you moude, pittie you me?  
Then send for vnrelenting *Mortimer*  
And *Isabell*, whose eyes being turne to Steele,  
Will sooner sparkle fire then shed a teare:  
Yet stay, for rather then I will looke on them,  
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Or if I liue, let me forget my selfe.

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*Bartley.* My Lord.

*Edw.* Call me not Lorde,  
Away, out of my sight, ah pardon me,  
Griefe makes me Lunaticke,  
I am not that *Mortimer* protect my sonne,  
None safetie there is in a Tigers iawes  
Then his imbracements: beare this to the Queene,  
Wee with my teares, and dried againe with sighes,  
If with the sight thereof, shee be not moued,  
Returne it backe and dip it in my blood,  
Commend me to my sonne, and bid him rule  
Better then I, yet how haue I transgressed,

## The Tragedie

Vnlesse it be with too much clementie?

*Tru.* And thus, most humbly doe we take our leaue.

*Edw.* Farewell, I know the next newes that they bring,  
Will be my death, and welcome shall it be,  
To wretched men death is felicitie.

*Leist.* An other Poast, what newes brings he?

*Edw.* Such newes as I expect, come *Bartley* come,  
And tell thy message to my naked brest.

*Bart.* My Lord, thinke not a thought so villanous  
Can harbour in a man of noble birth.

To do your highnes seruice and deuoire,  
And saue you from your foes, *Bartley* would die,

*Leist.* My Lord, the counsell & the Queene commands,  
That I resigne my charge.

*Edw.* And who must keepe me now, must you my Lord?

*Bart.* I, my most gracious Lord, so tis decreede.

*Edw.* By *Mortimer*, whose name is written here,  
Well may I rent his name, that rends my heart,  
This poore reuenge hath something easde my minde,  
So may his Limmes be torne, as is this paper,  
Here me immorall *Ioue*, and grant it too.

*Bar.* Your grace must hence with me to *Bartley* straight.

*Edw.* Whither you will, all places are alike,  
And euery earth is fit for buriall.

*Leist.* Fauour him my Lord, as much as lieth in you.

*Bart.* Euen so betide my soule as I vse him.

*Edw.* My enemy hath pitied my estate,  
And thats the cause that I am now remooude.

*Bart.* And thinks your grace that *Bartley* will be cruel?

*Edw.* I know not, but of this am I assured,  
That death ends all, and I can die but once,  
*Leicester*, farewell.

*Leist.* Not yet my Lord, Ile beare you on your way.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Mortimer, and Queene  
Isabell.*

*Mor. in.* Faire *Isabell*, now haue we our desire,  
The proud corrupters of the light-braind King,

Haue



of Edward the second.

Haue done their homage to the loftie gallowes,  
And he himfelfe lies in captiuitie,  
Be rulde by me, and we will rule the Realme,  
In any cafe take heede of childifh feare,  
For now we hold an old Wolfe by the eare,  
That if he flip will feaze vpon vs both,  
And gripe the forer being gript himfelfe.  
Thinke therefore Madam that imports vs much,  
To erect your fonne withall the fpeede we may,  
And that I be protector ouer him,  
For our behoofe, twill beare the greater fway,  
When as a Kings name fhall be vnder writ.

*Qu.* Sweete *Mortimer*, the life of *Isabell*,  
Be thou perfwaded, that I loue thee well,  
And therefore fo the Prince my fonne be fafe,  
Whom I efteeme as deare as thefe mine eyes,  
Conclude againft his father what thou wilt,  
And I my felfe will willingly fubfcribe.

*Mor. in.* Firft would I heare newes he were depofde,  
And then let me alone to handle him.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mor. in.* Letters from whence ?

*Messen.* From Killingworth my Lord.

*Qu.* How fares my Lord the King ?

*Messen.* In health Madam, but full of penfuenes.

*Qu.* Alas poore foule, would I could eafe his greefe,  
Thanks gentle Winchester, firra be gone.

*Win.* The King hath willingly refignde his crowne.

*Qu.* O happie newes, fend for the Prince my fonne.

*Bifh.* Further, or this letter was fealed, Lord *Bartley* came,  
So that he now is gone from Killingworth,  
And we haue heard that *Edmund* laid a plot,  
To fet his brother free, no more but fo,  
The Lord of *Bartley* is fo pitifull,  
As *Leicefter* that had charge of him before.

*Qu.* Then let fome other be his Guardian.

*Mor. in.* Let me alone, here is the priuie Seale,

# The Tragedie

Whose there, call hither *Gurney* and *Matrenis*,  
To dash the heauie headed *Edmonds* drift,  
*Bartley* shalbe dischargde, the King remooude,  
And none but we shall know where he lieth.

*Qu.* But *Mortimer*, as long as he suruiues  
What safetie rests for vs, or for my sonne?

*Mor. in.* Speake, shall he presentlie be dispatch'd & die?

*Qu.* I would he were, so it were not by my meanes.

*Enter Matrenis and Gurney.*

*Mor. in.* Inough *Matrenis*, write a Letter presently  
Vnto the Lord of *Bariley* from our selfe,  
That he resigne the King to thee and *Gurney*,  
And when tis done, we will subscribe our name.

*Mat.* It shall be done my Lord.

*Mor. in. Gurney.*

*Gur.* My Lord.

*Mor. in.* As thou intendest to rise by *Mortimer*,  
Who now makes Fortunes wheele turne as he please,  
Seeke all the meanes thou canst to make him droope,  
And neither giue him kinde word nor good looke.

*Gur.* I warrant you my Lord.

*Mor. in.* And this aboute the rest, because we heare  
That *Edmund* casts to worke his libertie,  
Remooue him still from place to place by night,  
Till at the last, he come to *Killingworth*,  
And then from thence to *Bartley* backe againe:  
And by the way to make him fiet the more,  
Speake curstly to him, and in any case  
Let no man comfort him, If he chaunce to weepe,  
But amplifie his greefe with bitter words.

*Matr.* Feare not my Lord, weele do as you commaund,

*Mor. in.* So now away, post thither wards amaine.

*Qu.* Whether goes this Letter, to my Lord the King?  
Commend me humbly to his Maiestie,  
And tell him, that I labuur all in vaine,  
To ease his greefe, and worke his Libertie:  
And beare him this, as witnesse of my loue,

*Mat.* I will Madam,

*Exeunt.*

of Edward the second.

*Exeunt Matrenis and Gurney.*

*Manent Isabell and Mortimer.*

*Enter the young Prince, and the Earle of Kent  
talking with him.*

*Mor. in.* Finely dissembled, do so still sweete Queene,  
Here comes the young Prince, with the Earle of Kent.

*Qu.* Some thing he whispers in his childish eares.

*Mor. in.* If he haue such accesse vnto the Prince,  
Our plots and stratagemes will soone be dash't.

*Qu.* Vñ Edmund friendly, as if all were well.

*Mor. in.* How fares my honorable Lord of Kent?

*Edm.* In health sweete Mortimer, how fares your grace?

*Qu.* Well, if my Lord your brother were enlarge.

*Edm.* I heare of late he hath depos'de himselfe.

*Que.* The more my griefe.

*Mrr. in.* And mine,

*Edm.* Ah they do dissemble.

*Qu.* Sweete sonne come hither, I must talke with thee.

*Mor. in.* You being his vncke, and the next of blood,  
Do looke to be protector ouer the Prince.

*Edm.* Not I my Lord: who should protect the sonne,  
But she that gaue him life, I meane the Queene?

*Prin.* Mother, perswade me not to weare the crowne,  
Let him be King, I am to young to raigne.

*Qu.* But bee content, seeing it is his highnes pleasure.

*Prin.* Let me but see him first, and then I will.

*Edm.* I do sweete Nephew.

*Qu.* Brother, you know it is impossible.

*Prin.* Why is he dead?

*Qu.* No, God forbid.

*Edm.* I would those wordes proceeded from your hearr.

*Mor. in.* Inconstant Edmund dost thou fauor him,  
That wast a cause of his imprisonment?

*Edm.* The more cause haue I now to make amends.

*Mor. in.* I tell thee tis not meet, that one so false  
Should come about the person of a Prince,

The Tragedie

My Lord, he hath betrayd the King his brother,  
And therefore trust him not.

*Prin.* But he repents, and sorrowes for it now.

*Qu.* Come sonne, and go with this gentle Lord & me.

*Prin.* With you I will, but not with *Mortimer*.

*Mor.* Why yongling, s'dainst thou so of *Mortimer*?  
Then I will carrie thee by force away.

*Prin.* Help vncl *Kent*, *Mortimer* will wrong me.

*Qu.* Brother *Edmund*, sturue not, we are his friends,  
*Isabell* is neerer then the Earle of *Kent*.

*Edm.* Sister, *Edward* is my charge, redeime him.

*Qu.* *Edward* is my sonne, and I will keepe him.

*Eam.* *Mortimer* shall know that he hath wrongde me.  
Hence will I hast to Killingworth Castle,  
And rescue aged *Edward* from his foes,  
To be reuengde on *Mortimer* and thee.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Matrenis and Gurney with the King.*

*Mat.* My Lord, be not pensive, we are your friends,  
Men are ordainde to liue in misery,  
Therefore come, dalliance dangereth our liues.

*Edw.* Friends, whether must vnhappy *Edward* go,  
Will hatefull *Mortimer* appoint no rest?

Must I be vexed like the nightly birde,  
Whose sight is loathsome to all winged fowles?

When will the furie of his minde aswage?

When will his heart be satisfied with bloud?

If mine will serue, vnbowell straight this brest,

And giue my heart to *Isabell* and him,

It is the chiefeft marke they leuell at.

*Gur.* Not so my liege, the Queene hath giuen this charge,  
To keepe your grace in safety,

Your passions make your dolours to increase.

*Edw.* This vsage makes my miserie increase,

But can my ayre of life continue long,

When all my fences are annoyde with stench?

Within

Within a dungeon Englands King is kept,  
Where I am steru'd for want of sustenance,  
My daily diet, is heart breaking sobs,  
That almost rents the closet of my heart,  
Thus liues old *Edward* not releu'd by any,  
And so must die, though pittied by many.  
O water gentle friends to coole my thirst,  
And cleare my bodie from foule excrements.

*Matr.* Heer's channell water, as our charge is giuen,  
Sit downe, for wee be barbars to your grace.

*Edw.* Traitors away, what will you murther me,  
Or choake your soueraigne with puddle water?

*Gur.* No, but wash your face, and shaue away your beard,  
Least you be knowne, and so be rescued.

*Matr.* Why striue you thus, your labour is in vaine?

*Edw.* The wren may striue against the Lions strength.  
But all in vaine, so vainly do I striue,  
To seeke for mercie at a Tyrants hand.

*They wash him with puddle water, and shaue  
his beard away.*

Immortall powers, that knowes the painfull cares,  
That waites vpon my poore distressed soule,  
O leuell all your looks vpon these daring men,  
That wrongs their liege & soueraigne, Englands King,  
O *Gaueston*, it is for thee that I am wrongde,  
For me, both thou and both the *Spencers* died,  
And for your sakes, a thousand wrongs Ile take,  
The *Spencers* ghostes, where euer they remaine,  
Wish well to mine, then tush, for them Ile die.

*Matr.* Twixt theirs and yours, shall be no enmitie,  
Come, come, away, now put the Torch'es out,  
Weele enter in by darknes to Killingworth.

*Enter Edmund.*

*Gur.* How now, who comes there?

*Matr.* Guard the King sure, it is the Earle of Kent.

*Edw.* O gentle brother, helpe to rescue me.

*Matr.* Keepe them a sunder, thrust in the King.

I

*Edm.*

The Tragedie

*Edm.* Souldiers, let me but talke to him one word.

*Gur.* Lay hands vpon the Earle for his assault.

*Edm.* Lay downe your weapons, traitors yeelde the King.

*Mat.* *Edmund*, yeelde thou thy selfe, or thou shalt die.

*Edm.* Base villaines, wherefore do you gripe me thus?

*Gur.* Binde him, and so conuey him to the court.

*Edm.* Where is the court but heere, here is the King,  
And I will visit him, why stay you me?

*Matr.* The court is where Lord *Mortimer* remaines,  
Thether shall your honour go, and so farewell.

*Exeunt Matreuis and Gurney, with the King.*

*Remaint Edmund and the souldiers.*

*Edm.* O Miserable is that common weale, where Lords  
Keepe courts and Kings are lockt in Prison!

*Sould.* Wherefore stay we? on firs to the Court.

*Edm.* I, lead me whether you will, cuen to my death,  
Seeing that my brother cannot be releast.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Mortimer alone.*

*Mor. in.* The King must die or *Mortimer* goes downe,

The commons now begin to pittie him,

Yet he that is the cause of *Edwards* death,

Is sure to pay for it when his sonne is of age,

And therefore will I do it cunningly,

This letter written by a friend of ours,

Containes his death; yet bids them saue his life,

*Edwardum occidere nolite timere bonum est.*

Feare not to kil the King, tis good he die;

But read it thus, and thats another sence:

*Edwardum occidere nolite timere bonum est.*

Kill not the King, tis good to feare the worst.

Vnpointed as it is, thus shall it goe,

That being dead, if it chaunce to be found,

*Matreuis* and the rest may beare the blame,

And



of Edward the second.

And we be quit, that caus'de it to be done :  
Within this roome is lockt the Messenger,  
That shall conuey it, and performe the rest,  
And by a secret token that he beares,  
Shall he be murdered when the deede is done.

*Lightborn*, come forth, art thou so resolute as thou wast ?

*Light*. What else my Lord ? and farre more resolute.

*Mor. in.* And hast thou cast how to accomplish it ?

*Light*. I, I, and none shall know which way he died.

*Mor. in.* But at his lookes *Lightborne* thou wilt relent.

*Light*. Relent, ha, ha, I vse much to relent.

*Mor. in.* Well, doe it brauely, and be secret.

*Light*. You shall not neede to giue instructions,

Tis not the first time I haue killd a man,  
I learn'd in Naples how to poyson flowers,  
To strangle with a Lawne thrust downe the throate,  
To pierce the wind-pipe with a needles point,  
Or whilst one is asleepe, to take a quill  
And blowe a little powder in his eares,  
Or open his mouth, and powre quick-siluer downe,  
But yet I haue a brauer way then these.

*Mor.* Whats that ? (trickes.

*Light*. Nay, you shall pardon me, none shall know my

*Mor.* I care not how it is, so it be not spide,

Deliuier this to *Gurney* and *Matrenis*,  
At euery ten mile end, thou hast a horse.  
Take this, away, and neuer see me more.

*Light*. No ?

*Mor.* No, vnlesse thou bring me news of *Edwards* death.

*Light*. That will I quickly doe, farewell my Lord.

*Mor.* The prince I rule, the Queene do I commaund,

And with a lowly conge to the ground,

The proudest Lords salute me as I passe,

I seale, I cancell, I doe what I will,

Feard am I more then lou'd, let me be feard :

And when I frowne, make all the court looke pale.

I view the Prince with *Aristarcus* eyes,

Whose lookes were as a breeching to a boye,

They thrust vpon me the Protectorship,

## The Tragedie

And sue to me for that, that I desire,  
 While at the counsell Table, graue enough,  
 And not vnlike a bashfull puretaine,  
 First I complaine of imbecillitie,  
 Saying it is, *onus quam grauissimum*,  
 Till being interrupted by my friends.  
*suscepi* that *preuinciam* as they tearme it,  
 And to conclude, I am protector now,  
 Now is all sure, the Queene and *Mortimer*  
 Shall rule the realme, the King, and none rules vs.  
 Mine enemies will I plague, my friends aduance,  
 And what I list commaund, who dare controwle,  
*Maiores sum quam cui possit fortuna nocere*,  
 And that this be the coronation day,  
 It pleaseth me, and *Isabell* the Queene,  
 The trumpets sound, I must go take my place.

*Enter the young King, Bishop, Champion,  
 Nobles, Queene.*

*Bish.* Long liue King *Edward*: by the grace of God,  
 King of England, and Lord of Ireland.

*Cham.* If any Christian, Heathen, Turke, or Iew,  
 Dares but affirme, that *Edwards* not true King,  
 And will auouch his saying with the sworde,  
 I am the Champion that will combate him?

*Mor. in.* None comes, sound Trumpets.

*King.* Champion, heeres to thee.

*Qu.* Lord *Mortimer*, now take him to your charge.

*Enter Souldiers with the Earle of  
 Kent prisoner.*

*Mor.* What traitor haue we there with blades & billes?

*Sould.* *Edmund* the Earle of Kent.

*King.* What hath he done?

*Sould.* A would haue taken the King away perforce,  
 As we were bringing him to Killingworth.

*Mor. in.* Did you attempt his rescue, *Edmund* speake?

*Edm.*

of Edward the second.

*Edm. Mortimer*, I did, he is our King,  
And thou compellst this Prince to weare the crowne.

*Mor. in.* Strike off his head, he shall haue Marshall law.

*Edm.* Strike off my head, base Traitor I desie thee.

*King.* My Lord, he is my Vncle and shall liue.

*Mor. in.* My Lord, he is your enemie, and shall die.

*Edm.* Stay villaines.

*King.* Sweete mother, if I cannot pardon him,  
Intreate my Lord Protector for his life.

*Qu.* Sonne, be content, I dare not speake a word.

*King.* Nor I, and yet me thiukes I should commaund,  
But seeing I cannot, Ile intreat for him:  
My Lord, if you will let my vncle liue,  
I will requite it when I come to age.

*Mor. in.* Tis for your highnes good, and for the  
realmes.

How often shall I bid you beare him hence?

*Edm.* Art thou a King, must I die at thy commaund?

*Mor. in.* At our commaund, once more away with  
him.

*Edm.* Let me but stay and speake, I will not go,  
Either my brother or his sonne is King,  
And none of both, then thirst for *Edmonds* bloud.  
And therefore soldiers whether will you hale me?

*They hale Edmond away, and carry him  
to be beheaded.*

*King.* What safety may I looke for at his handes,  
If that my Vnckle shall be murthered thus?

*Queen.* Feare not sweete boy, Ile garde thee from  
thy foes,

Had *Edmund* liu'de, he would haue fought thy death,  
Come sonne, weele ride a hunting in the Parke.

*King.* And shall my Vnckle *Edmond* ride with vs?

*Queen.* He is a Traitor, thinke not on him, come.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Matr. and Gurney.*

*Matr. Gurney*, I wonder the King dies not,  
Being in a vault vp to the knees in water,  
To which the channels of the Bastell runne,

## The Tragedie

From whence a dampe continually ariseth,  
That were enough to poyson any man,  
Much more a King brought vp so tenderly.

*Gur.* And so do I, *Matrenis*: yesternight  
I opened but the doore to throw him meate,  
And I was almost suffeled with the saueur.

*Matr.* He hath a bodie able to endure  
More then we can enflit, and therefore now,  
Let vs assaile his minde another while.

*Gurn.* Send for him out thence, and I will anger him.

*Matr.* But stay, whose this?

*Enter Lightborne.*

*Light.* My Lord protector greetes you.

*Gurn.* Whats heere? I know not how to construe it.

*Matr.* *Gurney*, It was left vnpointed for the nonce,  
*Edwardum occidere nolite timere*,  
Thats his meaning.

*Light.* Know you this token. I must haue the King?

*Matr.* I, stay a while, thou shalt haue answer straight,  
This villain's sent to make away the King.

*Gurney.* I thought as much.

*Matr.* And when the murder's done,  
See how he must be handled for his labour,  
*Pereat iste*: let him haue the King,  
What else, heer's the keyes, this is the Lake,  
Doe as you are commaunded by my Lord.

*Light.* I know what I must doe, get you away,  
Yet be not sarre off, I shall neede your helpe,  
See that in the next roome I haue a fier,  
And get me a spit and let it be red hote.

*Matre.* Very well,

*Gurn.* Neede you any thing besides?

*Tight.* What else, a table and a fetherbed.

*Gurn.* Thats all,

*Light.* I, I, so when I call you, bring it in.

*Matre.* Feare not thou that.

*Gurn.* Heers a light to go into the dungeon.

*Light.* So now must I about this geare, neare was  
there any

So finely handled as this King shalbe,  
Foh, heeres a place in deed with all my heart.

*Edw.* Whose there, what light is that, wherefore  
com'st thou?

*Light.* To comfort you, and bring you ioyfull newes.

*Edw.* Small comfort findes poore *Edward* in thy  
looks,

Villaine, I know rhou com'st to murther me.

*Light.* To murther you my most gracious Lord,  
Farre is it from my heart to do you harme,  
The Queene sent me, to see how you were vsed,  
For she relents at this your miserie.  
And what eyes can refraine from shedding teares,  
To see a King, in this most pitious state?

*Edw.* Weep'st thou alreadie, list a while to me,  
And then thy heart, were it as *Gurneys* is,  
Or as *Matreuis*, hewne from the *Caucasus*,  
Yet will it melt, ere I haue done my tale.  
This dungeon where they keepe me, is the sinke  
Wherein the filth of all the Cattell fallles.

*Light.* O villaines!

*Edw.* And there in mire and puddle haue I stood,  
This ten daies space, and least that I should sleepe,  
One plaies continually vpon a Drum,  
They giue me bread and water being a King,  
So that for want of sleepe and sustenance,  
My mindes distempered, and my bodie's numde,  
And whether I haue Limmes or no I know not,  
O would my bloud dropt out from euery vaine,  
As doth this water from my tattered robes:  
Tell *Isabell* the Queene, I lookt not thus,  
When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,  
And there vnhorst the Duke of *Cleremont*.

*Light.* O speake no more my Lord, this breaks my heart,  
Lie on this bed and rest your selfe a while.

*Edw.* These looks of thine can harbor nought but death,  
I see my Tragedy written in thy browes,  
Yet stay a while, forbear thy bloudie hand,  
And let me see the stroke before it comes;

That and euen then when I shall loose my life,  
My minde may be inore stedfast on my God.

*Light.* What meanes your highnes to mistrust me thus?

*Edw.* What meanes thou to dissemble with me thus?

*Light.* These hands were neuer staine with innocent  
bloud,

Nor shall they now be tainted with a Kings.

*Edward.* Forgiue my thought, for hauing such a  
thought,

One ieuell haue I left, receiue thou this,

Still feare I, and I know not whats the cause,

But euery ioynte shakes as I giue it thee :

O, if thou harborst murther in thy heart,

Let this gift change thy minde, and saue thy soule,

Know that I am a King, oh at that name,

I feele a hell of greefe, where is my crowne ?

Gone, gone, and doe I remaine ?

*Light.* You'r ouerwacht my Lord, lie downe and rest.

*Edw.* But that greefe keepes me waking, I should sleepe

For not these ten daies haue these eies lids closde,

Now as I speake they fall, and yet with feare

Open againe, O wherefore sits thou heere ?

*Light.* If you mistrust me, Ile be gone my Lord.

*Edw.* No, no, for if thou meanst to murther me,

Thou wilt returne againe, and therefore stay.

*Light.* He sleepes.

*Edw.* O let me not die, yet stay, O stay a while.

*Light.* How now my Lord.

*Edw.* Some thing still busseth in mine eares,

And tels me if I sleepe I neuer wake,

This feare is that which makes me treimble thus,

And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come ?

*Light.* To rid thee of thy life, *Matrenis* come,

*Edw.* I am too weake and feeble to resist,

Assist me sweet God, and receiue my soule.

*Light.* Runne for the Table.

*Edw.* O spare me, or dispatch me in a trice.

*Light.* So, lay the Table downe, and stampe on it,

But not too hard, least that you bruse his bodie.

*Matre-*



of Edward the second.

*Matr.* I feare me that this crie will raise the towne,  
And therefore let vs take horſe and away.

*Lighr.* Tell me firſt, was it not brauely done?

*Gurn.* Excellent well, take this for thy reward,

*Then Gurney ſtabs Lightborne.*

Come let vs caſt the bodie in the mote,  
And beare the Kings to *Mortimer* our Lord, away.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Mortimer and Matrenis.*

*Mor. in.* Iſt done, *Matrenis*, and the murtherer dead?

*Matr.* I my good Lord, I would it were vndone.

*Mor. in. Matrenis*, if thou groweſt penitent

He be thy ghofly father, therefore chooſe

Whether thou wilt be ſecret in this,

Or elſe die by the hand of *Mortimer*.

*Matr. Gurney*, my Lord is fled, and will I feare  
Betray vs both, therefore let me flie.

*Mor. in.* Flie to the Sauages.

*Matr.* I humblie thanke your honour.

*Mor. in.* As for my ſelfe, I ſtand as *Ioues* huge tree,  
And others are but ſhrubs compar'd to me,  
All tremble at my name, and I feare none,  
Lets ſee who dare impeach me for his death?

*Enter the Queene.*

*Queen.* A *Mortimer*, the King my ſonne hath newes,  
His father's dead, and we haue murdered him.

*Mor. in.* What if he haue? the King is yet a Child.

*Que.* I, I, but he teares his haire, and wrings his hands,  
And vowes to be reuengd vpon vs both,  
Into the Councell Chamber he is gone,  
To craue the aide and ſuccour of his Peeres,  
Aye me, ſee where he comes, and they with him,  
Now *Mortimer* begins out Tragedie.

*Enter the King, with the Lords.*

*Lords.* Feare not my Lord, know that you are a King  
*King.* Villaine.

K

*Mor.*

# The Tragedie

*Mor. in.* How now my Lord?

*King.* Thinke not that I am frighted with thy words,  
My father's murdered through thy Trecherie,  
And thou shalt die, and on his mournfull hearse,  
Thy hatefull and accursed head shall lie,  
To witnesse to the world, that by thy meanes  
His Kingly bodie was too soone interde.

*Queen.* Weepe not sweete sonne.

*King.* Forbid not me to weepe, he was my father,  
And had you lou'de him halfe so well as I,  
You could not beare his death thus patiently,  
But you I teare, conspird with *Mortimer*.

*Lords.* Why speake you not vnto my Lord the King?

*Mor. in.* Because I thinke scorne to be accusde,  
Who is the man dares say I murdered him?

*King.* Traitour, in me my Louing father speaks,  
And plainly saith, t'was thou that inordredst him.

*Mor. in.* But hath your grace no other prooffe then this?

*King.* Yes if this be the hand of *Mortimer*.

*Mor. in.* False *Gurney* hath betraid me and himselfe.

*Queen.* I feard as much, murther cannot be hid.

*Mor. in.* Tis my hand, what gather you by this.

*King.* That thither thou didst send a murtherer.

*Mor. in.* What murtherer? bring forth the man I sent.

*King.* A *Mortimer*, thou knowest that he is slaine,  
And so shalt thou be too: why staies he heere?  
Bring him vnto a hurdle, drag him forth,  
Hang him I say, and set his quarters vp,  
But bring his head backe presently to me.

*Queen.* For my sake sweete sonne pittie *Mortimer*.

*Mor. in.* Madam, intreat not, I will rather die,  
Then sue for life vnto a paltrie boy.

*King.* Hence with the Traitor, with the murderer.

*Mor. in.* Base fortune, now I see, that in thy wheele  
There is a point, to which when men aspire,  
They tumble hedlong downe, that point I toucht,  
And seeing there was no place to mount vp higher,  
Why should I greeue at my declining fall,  
Farewell faire *Queene*, weepe not for *Mortimer*,

That

That scornes the world, and as a Traueller  
Goes to discouer countries yet vnknowne.

*King.* What, suffer you the Traitor to delay?

*Qu.* As thou receiuedst thy life from me,  
Spill not the blood of gentle *Mortimer*.

*King.* This argues, that you spilt my Fathers blood,  
Els would you not intreat for *Mortimer*.

*Qu.* I spill his blood?

*King.* I inadam you, for so the rumor runnes.

*Qu.* That rumor is vntrue, for louing thee,  
Is this report raise on poore *Isabell*.

*King.* I doe not thinke her so vnnaturall.

*Lords.* My Lord, I feare me it will prooue too true.

*King.* Mother, you are suspected for his death,  
And therefore we commit you to the Tower,  
Till further triall be made thereof,  
If you be guiltie, though I be your sonne,  
Thinke not to finde me slacke or pitifull.

*Qu.* Nay, to my death, for too long haue I liued,  
When as my sonne, thinks to abridge my dayes.

*King.* Away with her, her words inforce these teares,  
And I shall pittie her if she speake againe.

*Qu.* Shall I not mourne for my beloued Lord?  
And with the rest accompanie him to the graue.

*Loras.* Thus Madam, tis the Kings will you shall hence.

*Qu.* He hath forgotten me, stay, I am his Mother.

*Lords.* That bootes not, therefore gentle Madam goe.

*Qu.* Then come sweete death, & rid me of this.

*Lords.* My Lord, heere is the head of *Mor*

*King.* Go fetch my fathers hearse, where  
And bring my funerall robes. Accursed

Could I haue rulse thee then, as I do

Thou hadst not hatcht this mon<sup>er</sup>

Heere comes the hearse heere

Sweete father heere, v

I offer vp this wick

And let these r

Be witnesse

1700

1

1700

1700

